

AMAZING
ADVENTURES



SCIENCE-FICTION CHILLS AND THRILLS

10c

No. 6
FALL

AMAZING

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The Traffic In Limpo...
**SPACE PIRATES
OF XARPOT**



Earth vs. Mars...The MAN WHO KILLED A WORLD



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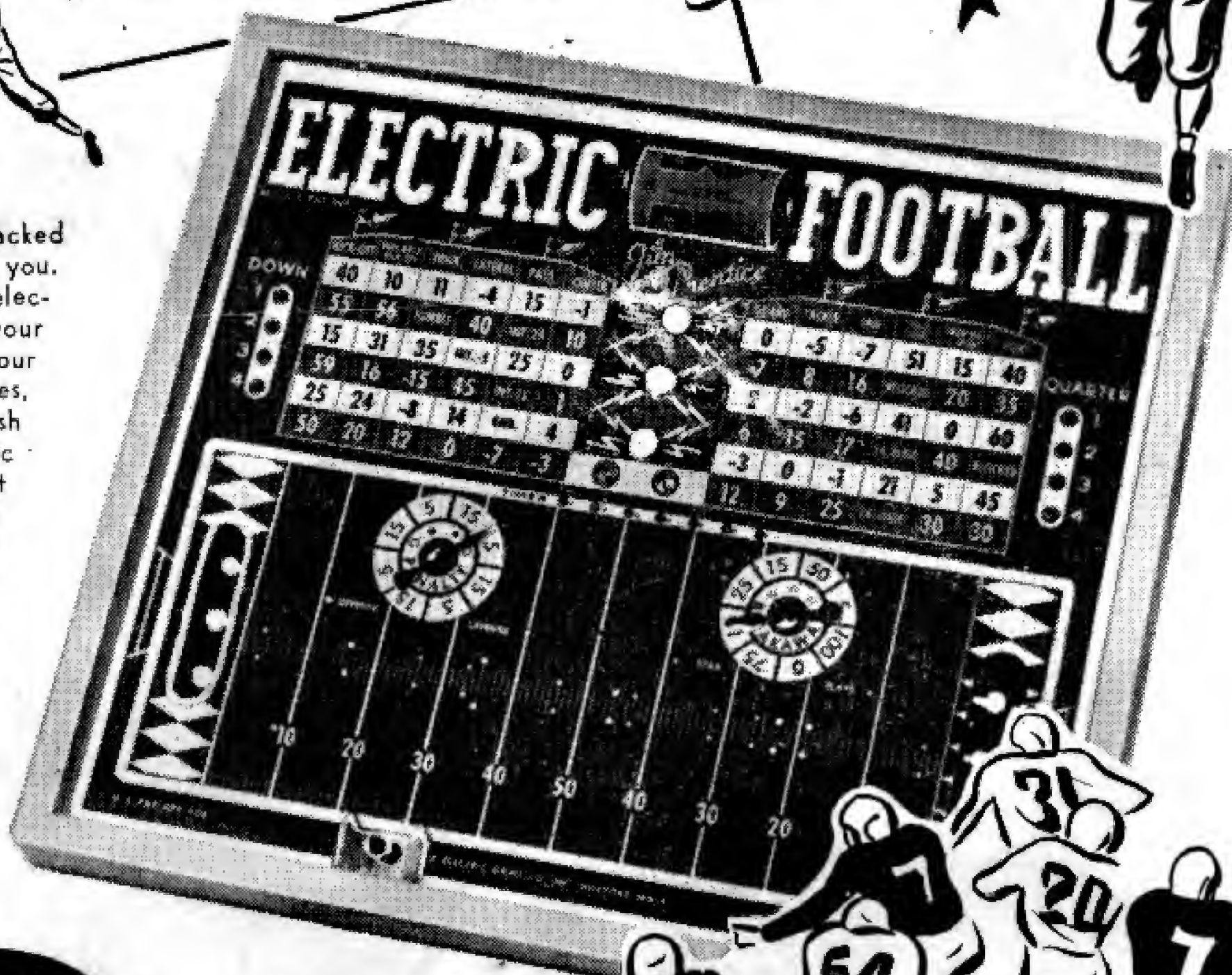


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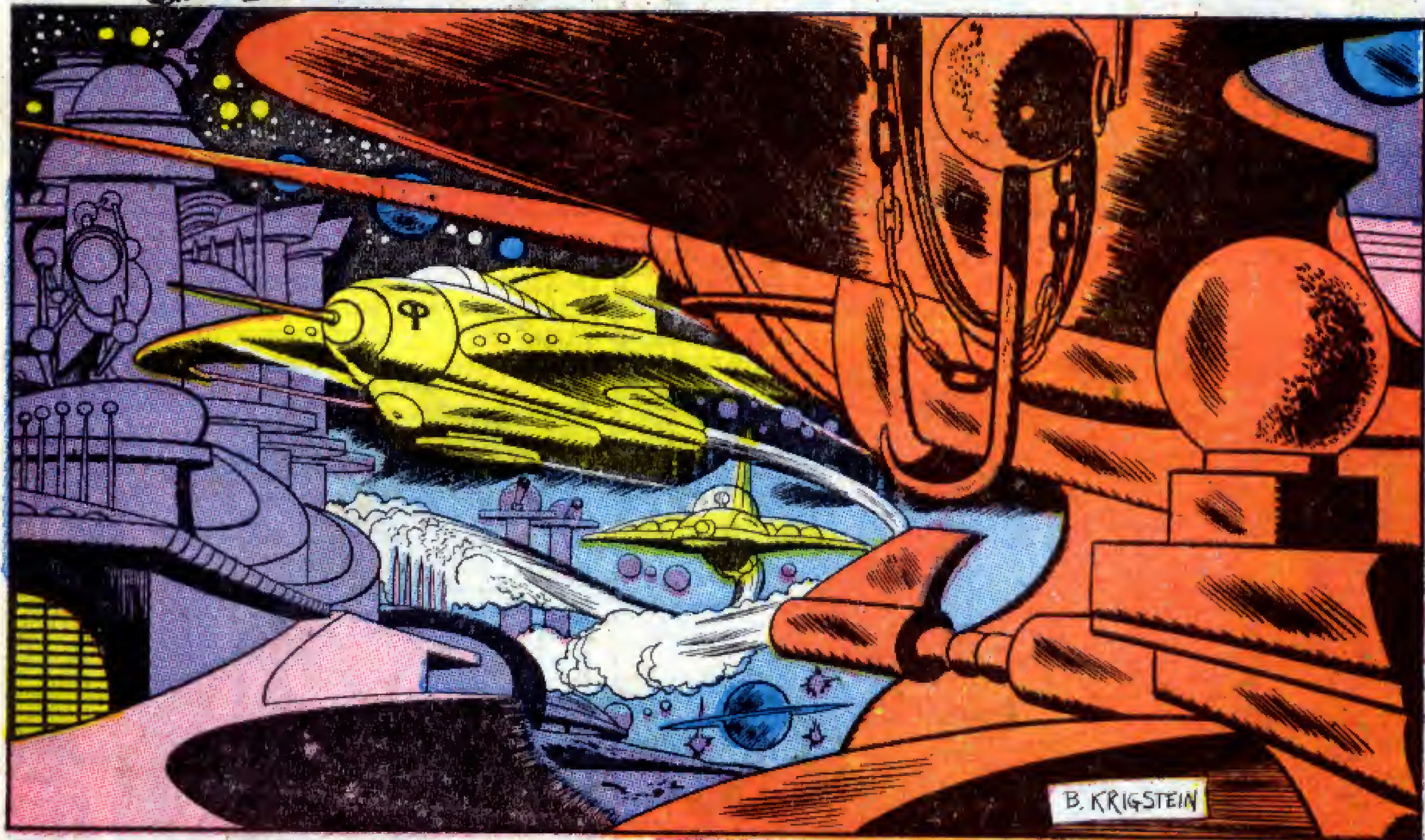
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SPACE PIRATES ON XARPOT

ACROSS THE FARTHEST REACHES OF OUR UNIVERSE STRETCHES THE CHAIN OF LONELY PERIMETER PLANETS THAT MARK THE BOUNDARY OF EARTH FEDERATION CONTROL. GUARDING THESE PLANETS ARE A HANDFUL OF ROCKET VESSELS AND THE BRAVE MEN OF THE PERIMETER PATROL. THIS IS THE STORY OF CAPTAIN MARTIN HAWKINS, A PATROL VESSEL COMMANDER, AND HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE SPACE PIRATES ON XARPOT!

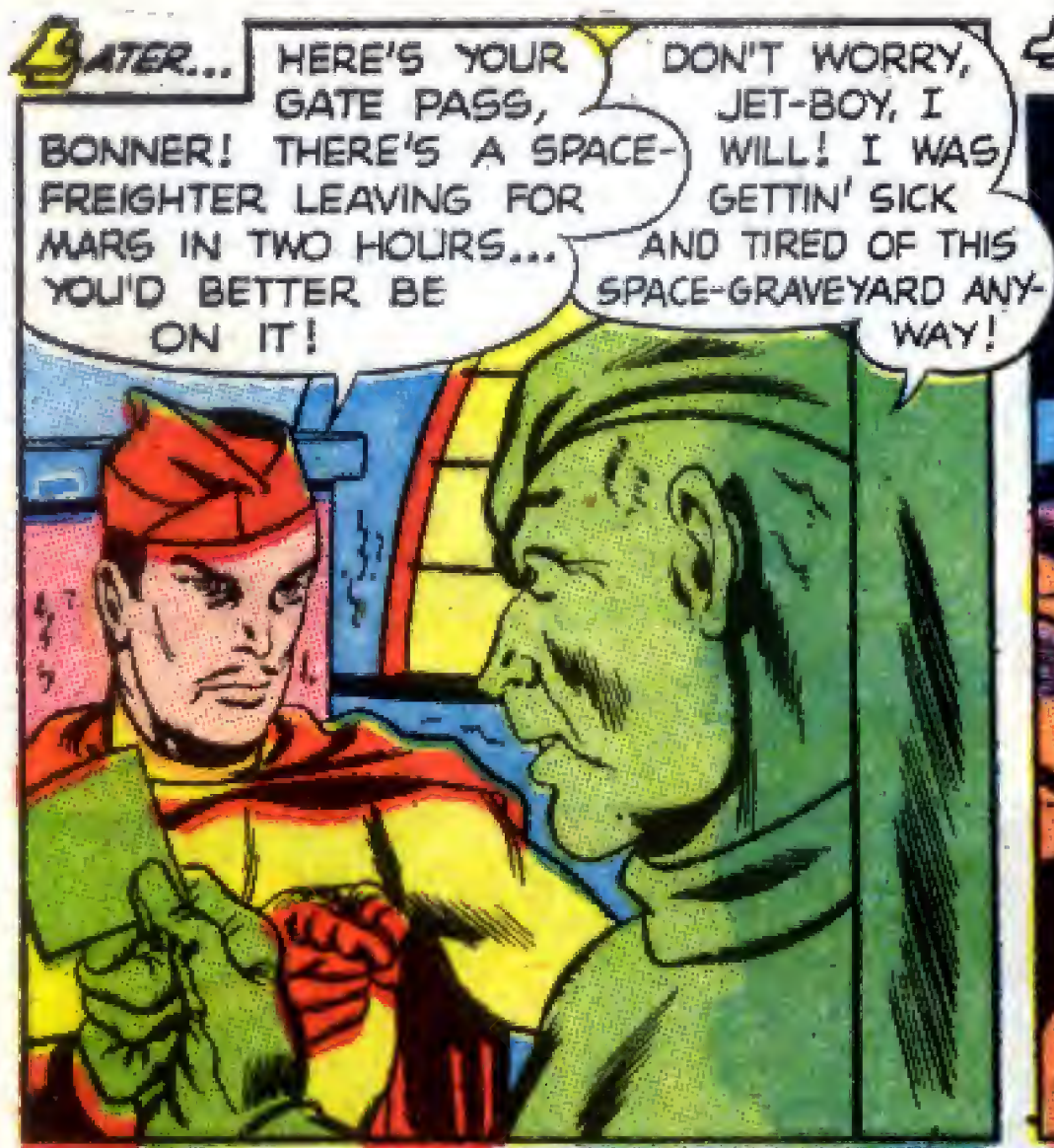


OUR STORY OPENS ON RONDOS, BASE OPERATIONS PLANETOID. FOR THE PERIMETER PATROL SERVICE. A COURT MARTIAL IS IN PROGRESS; CENTURION LUTHER MYNOT RISES TO SPEAK...

SPACE-CORPORAL BONNER, YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF CRUELTY TO NATIVES AND SUBORDINATES, AND FLAGRANT MIS-CARRIAGE OF ORDERS. HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE I PRONOUNCE SENTENCE?

YEAH! CAP'N HAWKINS FRAMED ME!

CAPTAIN HAWKINS HAS PRESENTED OVERWHELMING EVIDENCE TO CONVICT YOU AS A SCHEMING AND VICIOUS MAN-AND THIS COURT AGREES... YOU WILL BE DISMISSED FROM SERVICE AT ONCE! COURT ADJOURNED!



WE *WON'T* BE CAUGHT! I HAVE A PERFECT PLAN. WE CAN GET THE RICH SOIL AND THE LABOR TO GROW THE STUFF ON *XARPOT*, ONE OF THE PERIMETER PLANETS.



AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE PERIMETER JET-BOYS, I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THEM! GAARK, YOU ROUND UP SOME MEN, THE *TOUGHER* THE BETTER. MEESKO AND I WILL DO THE REST!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER BONNER IS READY TO LEAVE FOR XARPOT...

ALL RIGHT, GAARK, WE HAVE THE LIMPO SEEDS. NOW BREAK UP THOSE SPACE-PIRATES INTO TWO CREWS, AND LET'S GET STARTED!

RIGHT, BONNER!



MEESKO, YOU TAKE OVER THE LOADING OF SUPPLIES, AND MAKE SURE WE HAVE PLENTY OF RAY-GUNS AND *WHIPS*! WE'LL NEED THEM FOR *PERSUADERS*...



AND SOON, ON THE LUSH PLANETOID XARPOT...

...AND THAT'S THE STORY, CHIEF GUNTAR! WHAT DO YOU SAY?

NO! MY PEOPLE WILL NEVER WORK FOR YOU! YOU ARE A BAD MAN, BONNER! LIMPO JUICE IS *TABOO*! WE WILL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU!



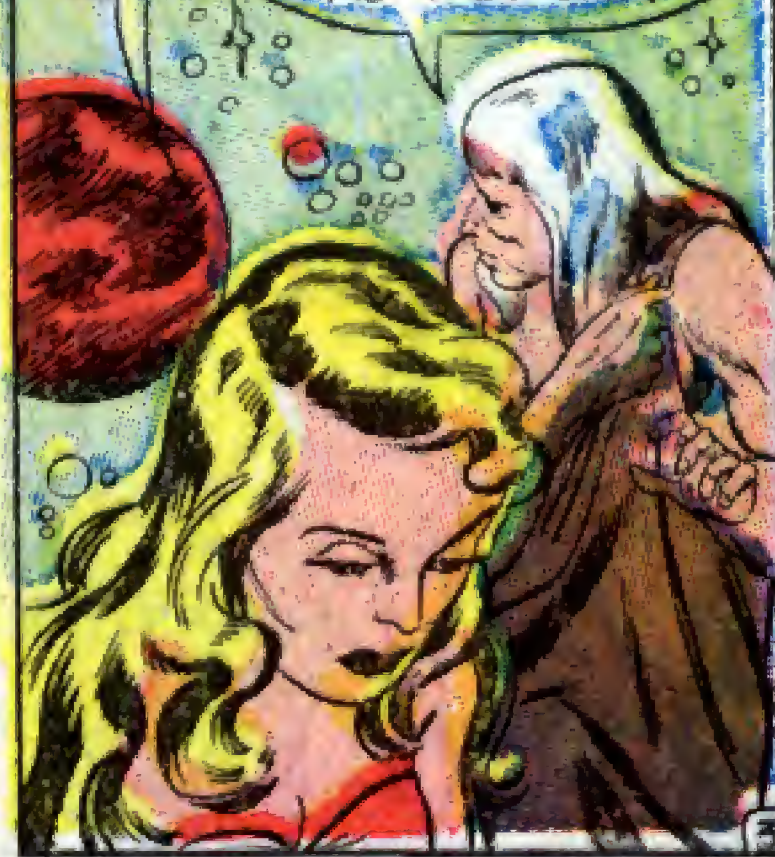
LOOK, CHIEF, I'M NOT GOING TO PLAY GAMES WITH YOU! EITHER YOU DO AS I SAY, OR I TURN MY CREWMEN *LOOSE ON YOUR PEOPLE*!

LET MY DAUGHTER GO! I—I—WE DO WHAT YOU WANT!



OH, FATHER, WHAT CAN WE DO?

SHHH, TORA! THE PERIMETER SPACE-SHIPS WILL BE ON PATROL HERE SOON. MEANWHILE, WE MUST DO AS THEY SAY!



DAYS LATER, THE LIMPO SEEDS ARE PLANTED AND CULTIVATED...



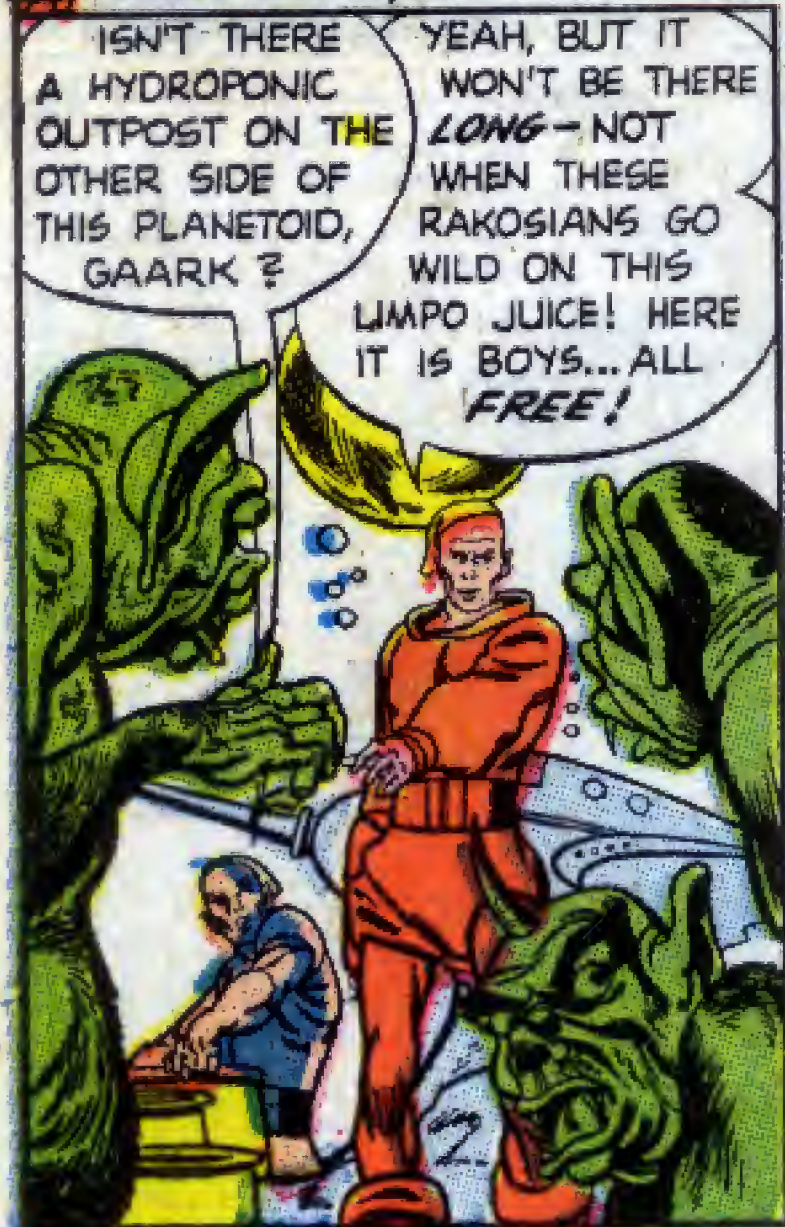
WHILE IN THE STRONGHOLD THAT BONNER HAS BUILT...



WHEN THE LIMPO IS PICKED, IT IS REDUCED TO A LIQUID. THEN THE GREEN JUICE MUST BE PROCESSED...



A WEEK LATER, ON RAKO...



SOME HOURS LATER...



ANOTHER ONE! THERE'S SOME ORGANIZED FORCE BEHIND THESE UPRISINGS! LIEUTENANT, SEND FOR CAPTAIN HAWKINS AT ONCE!





...CENTURION, SOMEONE MUST BE DELIBERATELY PASSING OUT LIMPO JUICE TO INCITE THE NATIVES!

IT'S GOT TO BE STOPPED, HAWKINS! OUR PATROL ROUTINE IS ALREADY BEHIND SCHEDULE! WE HAVEN'T ENOUGH VESSELS TO COPE WITH THIS! YOU MUST PUT A STOP TO THIS LIMPO BUSINESS!



NO WONDER THE CENTURION IS SORE. ALL REGULAR PATROLS TO QUIET PLANETOIDS LIKE XARPOT AND BOMBO HAVE HAD TO BE CANCELLED!

YES, ALL OUR SHIPS ARE KEPT BUSY WITH THESE UPRISINGS ON PAKO, RAKO, AND -SAY, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING!



THE ONLY PLANETOIDS THAT HAVE RIOTED SO FAR ARE THE ONES IN THE THIRD RING, IN A STRAIGHT LINE OUT ON THE PERIMETER CHAIN!



WHOEVER IS PASSING OUT THIS LIMPO JUICE ISN'T SO SMART AT THAT. IF HE STICKS TO THIS SCHEDULE, THEN THE NEXT PLANETOID IS ZALOO!

CAPTAIN, IT'S WORTH A TRY! LET'S BLAST OFF TO ZALOO!

SOON, THE PATROL VESSEL LANDS AT ZALOO...



WE CAN PASS AS FIELD WORKERS IN THESE DISGUISES, AND POSSIBLY FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS BUSINESS!



RIGHT, CAPTAIN! WE'RE ON OUR WAY BACK TO RONDOS SO THE SHIP WON'T GIVE YOUR PLAN AWAY! GOOD LUCK!

CAPTAIN HAWKINS AND HIS MEN, IN DISGUISE WAIT PATIENTLY, AND SOON...



WELL THIS LOOKS LIKE IT, CAPTAIN!

WE'LL SOON SEE...

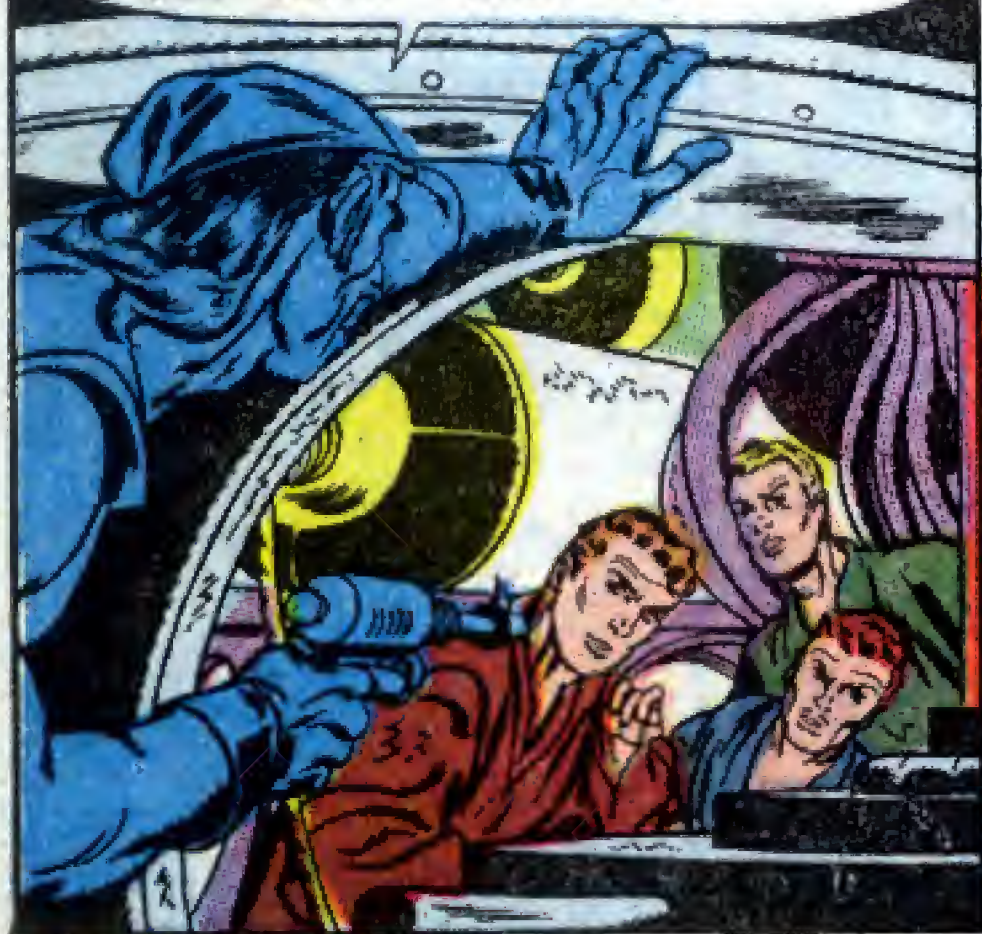


COME AND GET IT - FREE LIMPO JUICE!

COME ON, MEN, LET'S SLIP INTO THE SHIP AND CONCEAL OURSELVES!

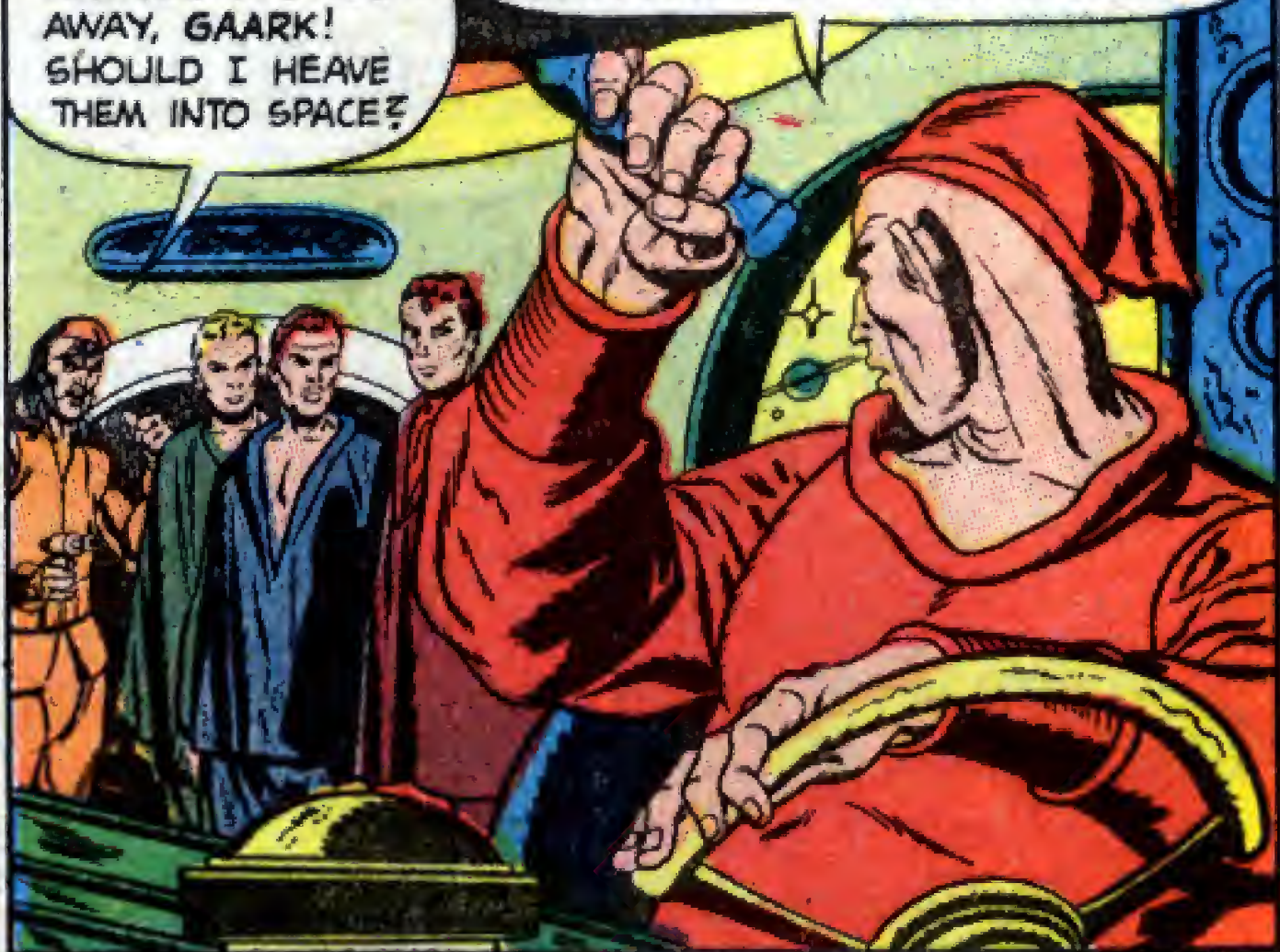
BUT OUT IN SPACE AGAIN...

WHAT'S THIS? **STOWAWAYS!** ALL RIGHT, YOU **ZALOOS!** COME ON OUT OF THERE, AND HURRY ABOUT IT!



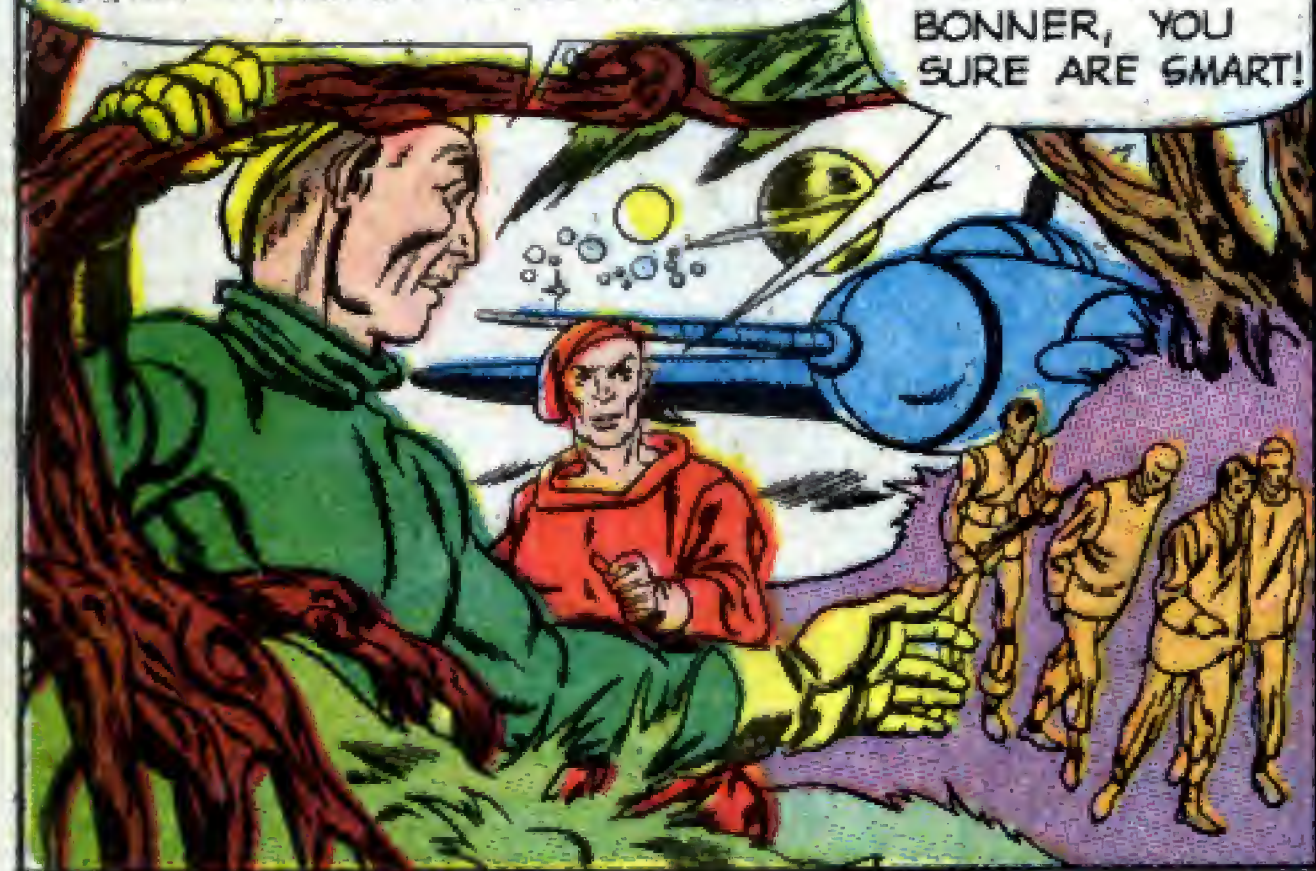
I FOUND THESE NATIVES STOWED AWAY, GAARK! SHOULD I HEAVE THEM INTO SPACE?

NAAH! WE'LL TAKE THEM BACK TO XARPOT AND PUT THEM TO WORK!

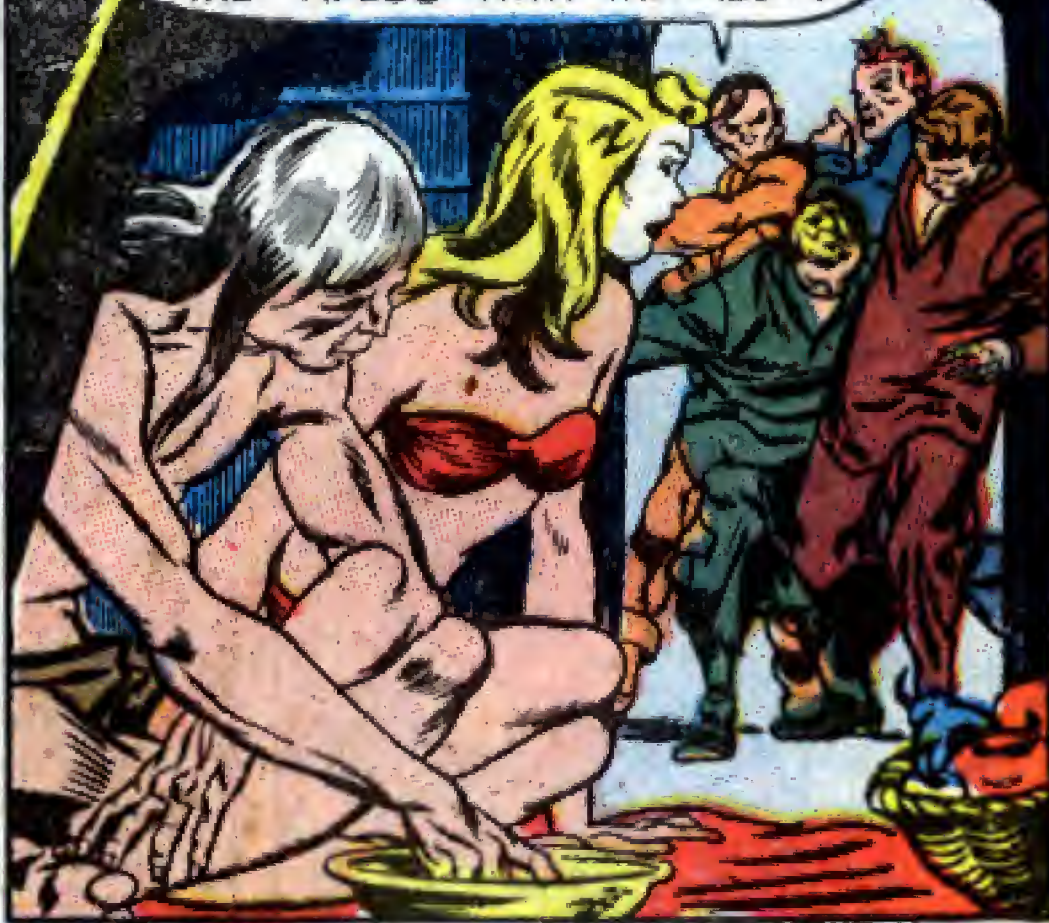


EVERYTHING'S GOING FINE, GAARK! THE BOOTLEGGERS ARE PAYING A **THOUSAND FEDEROS** A BARREL FOR THE LIMPO IN BORLA! AND ANOTHER BATCH IS READY TO BE PROCESSED!

AND THE PERI-METER JET-BOYS ARE HAVING THEIR HANDS FULL WITH THE NATIVES! BONNER, YOU SURE ARE SMART!



ALL RIGHT, GET IN THERE! CHIEF, THROW THESE ZALOOS SOME CHOW! TOMORROW THEY CAN WORK IN THE FIELDS WITH THE REST!

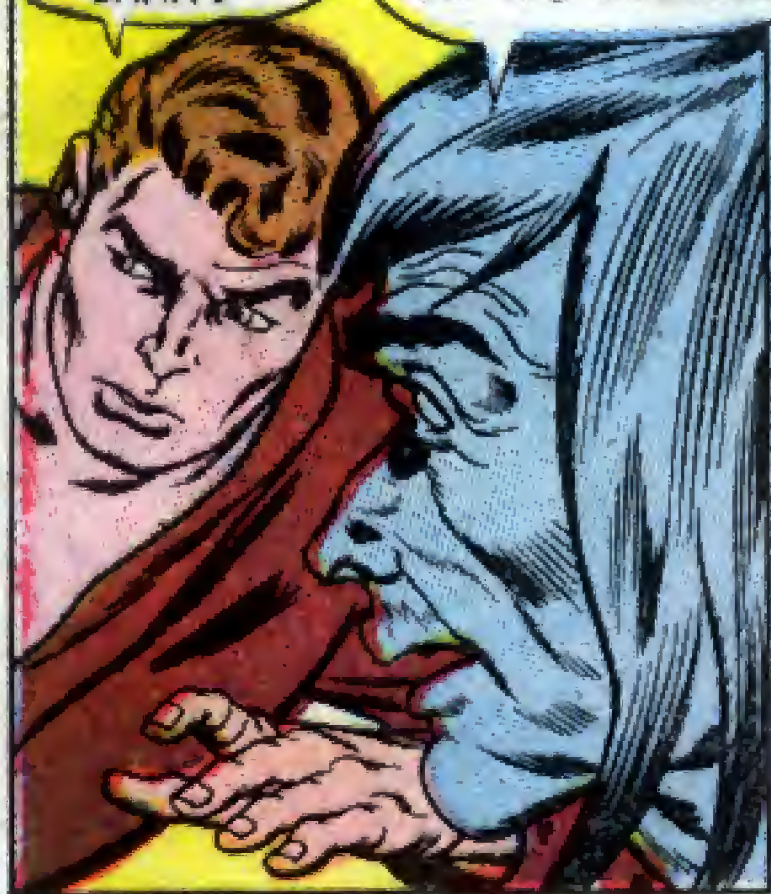


CHIEF GUNTAR, IT'S ME, MARTIN HAWKINS OF THE PATROL... SHHH!

AHHHH, CAPTAIN! I KNEW THE PERI-METER PATROL WOULD SAVE US! BUT WHY ARE YOU DISGUISED?

WE HAD TO CRACK THIS FROM THE INSIDE, CHIEF! LISTEN, TELL YOUR MEN THEY MUST BE READY TO ATTACK! I'LL SNEAK INTO THEIR ARMORY TONIGHT AND GET RAY-GUNS TO ARM OURSELVES!

COME WITH ME, CAPTAIN! I WILL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS!



THE RAY-GUN LOCKER IS JUST AROUND THIS CORNER, CAPTAIN!



BUT SUDDENLY...

WHA...? OKAY,
HOLD IT, OR, I'LL
BLAST!



SO SORRY, OH
GREAT ONE! I
LOST MY WAY..
I GO BACK TO
VILLAGE NOW!

A VERY PRETTY
SPEECH, BUT IT
WON'T HELP! DID
YOU THINK I'D EVER
FORGET YOUR FACE,
CAPTAIN HAWKING?



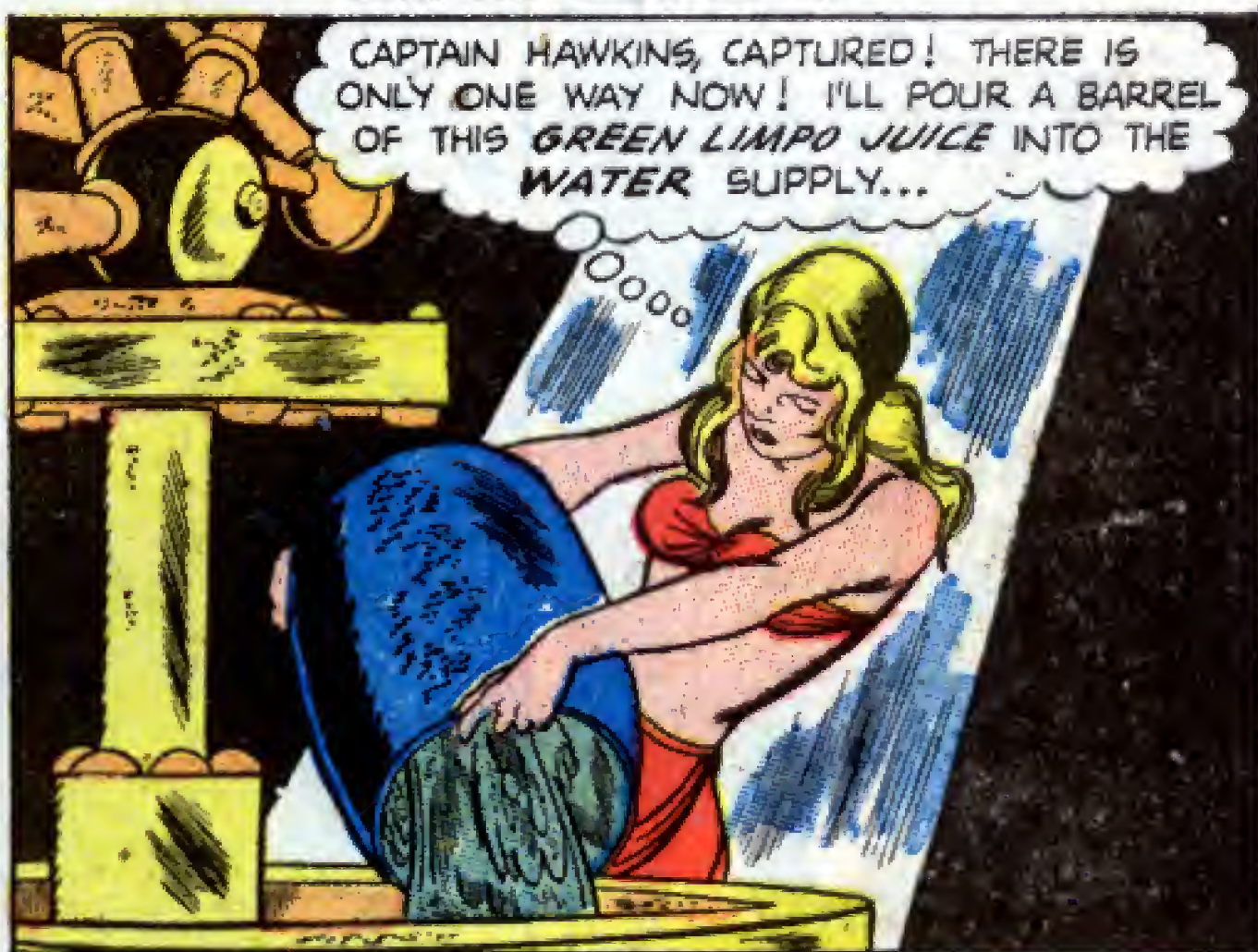
LISTEN, BONNER, THERE
ARE PROBABLY *MORE*
PATROLMEN AMONG THE
WORKERS! THEY MAY TRY
TO STORM THE STRONG-
HOLD!

OPEN UP THE RAY-
GUN LOCKER AND
PASS OUT WEAPONS
TO ALL OUR MEN!
POST GUARDS
EVERYWHERE!



MEANWHILE, TORA, WHO HAS ESCAPED UNSEEN, SNEAKS INTO THE
DESERTED STOREROOM...

CAPTAIN HAWKING, CAPTURED! THERE IS
ONLY ONE WAY NOW! I'LL POUR A BARREL
OF THIS *GREEN LIMPO JUICE* INTO THE
WATER SUPPLY...



MAN! THE HEAT ON THIS
BLASTED PLANETOID IS FIERCE!
HURRY UP, I WANT A DRINK!

TAKE IT EASY,
THERE'S ENOUGH
WATER FOR
EVERYBODY!



HEY, BONNER, I
CAUGHT THIS WENCH
NEAR THE SUPPLY
ROOM! SHE'S UP
TO NO GOOD!

I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
HER WHEN
I'M THROUGH
WITH HAWKINS!



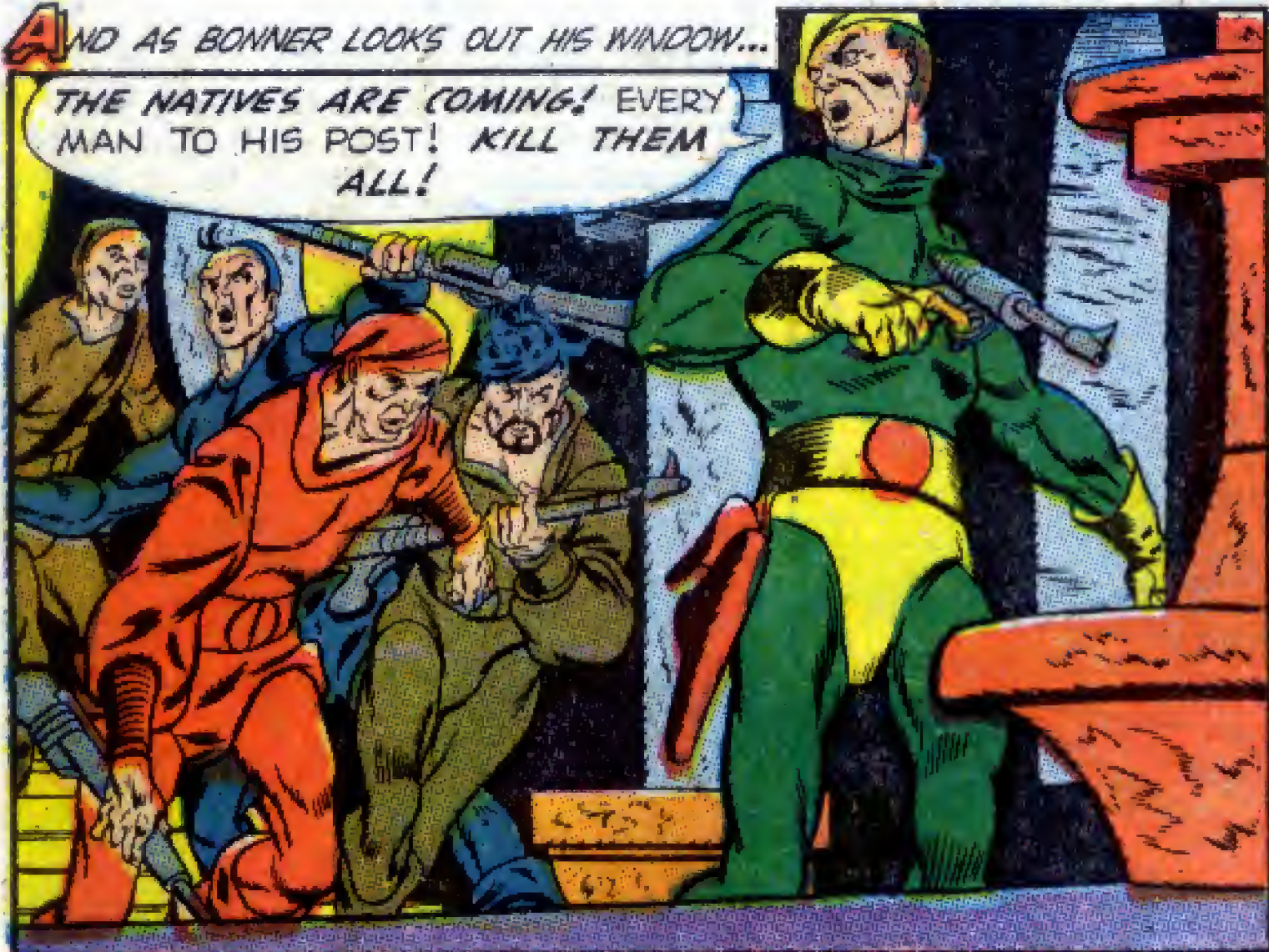
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE VILLAGE...

THE CAPTAIN AND TORA HAVE BEEN
GONE TOO LONG! SOMETHING'S
WRONG! TAKE YOUR *CLUBS!*
WE'VE GOT TO *GO IN AFTER THEM!*



AND AS BONNER LOOKS OUT HIS WINDOW...

THE NATIVES ARE COMING! EVERY MAN TO HIS POST! KILL THEM ALL!



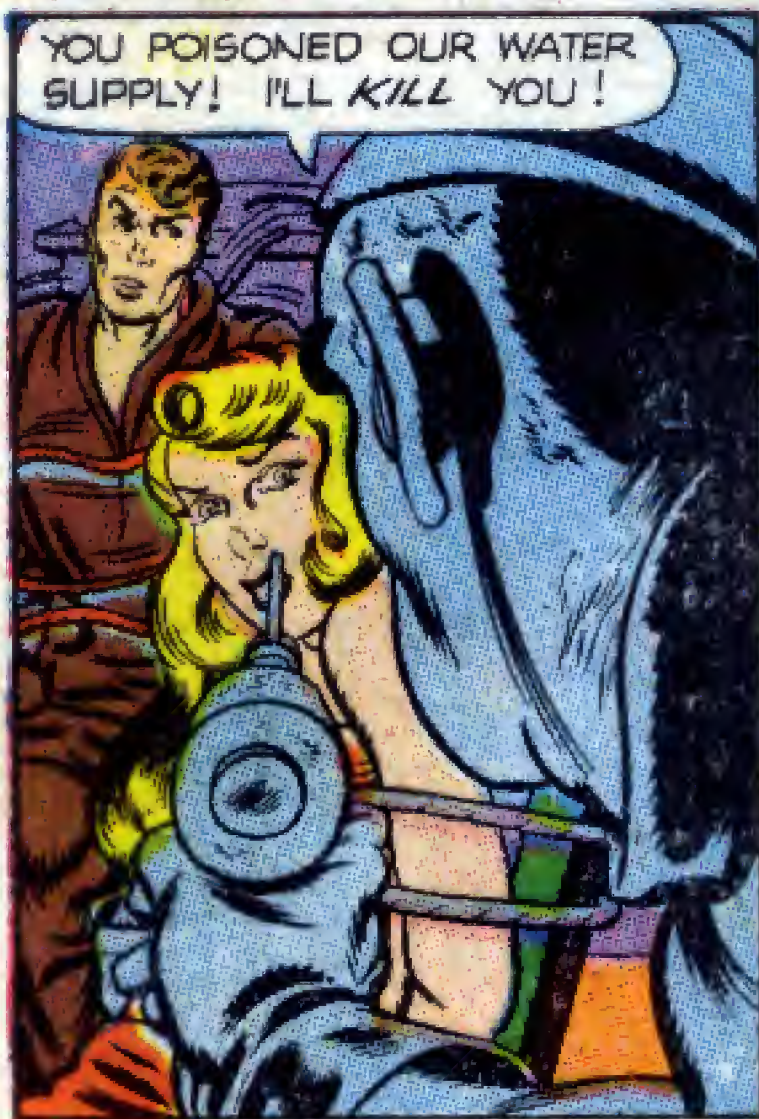
BUT SUDDENLY, THE GREEN LIMPO JUICE TAKES ITS EFFECT...

OHNNNNH! THE PAIN! OHNNNNHH!

OOOOH! HELP!



YOU POISONED OUR WATER SUPPLY! I'LL KILL YOU!



WHA...! WHY YOU...! OOF!



OHNNNNH!



DON'T WORRY, CHIEF, SHE'S ALL RIGHT! HAVE YOUR MEN ROUND UP THESE SPACE-PIRATES! I DON'T THINK THEY WILL OFFER MUCH RESISTANCE, THANKS TO TORA'S QUICK THINKING!

OHNNNNHH!



AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER....

WELL, A PATROL VESSEL WILL SOON BE HERE. BLACK BART BONNER AND HIS SPACE-PIRATES WILL HAVE PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK OVER THEIR CRIMES IN THE LUNAR PRISONS!

CAPTAIN HAWKINS, MY PEOPLE ARE DEEPLY INDEBTED TO YOU. TONIGHT WE WILL MAKE A FEAST IN HONOR OF THE PERIMETER PATROL SERVICE!

COME BACK TO SEE US AGAIN, CAPTAIN!

IF ONLY HE WOULD!



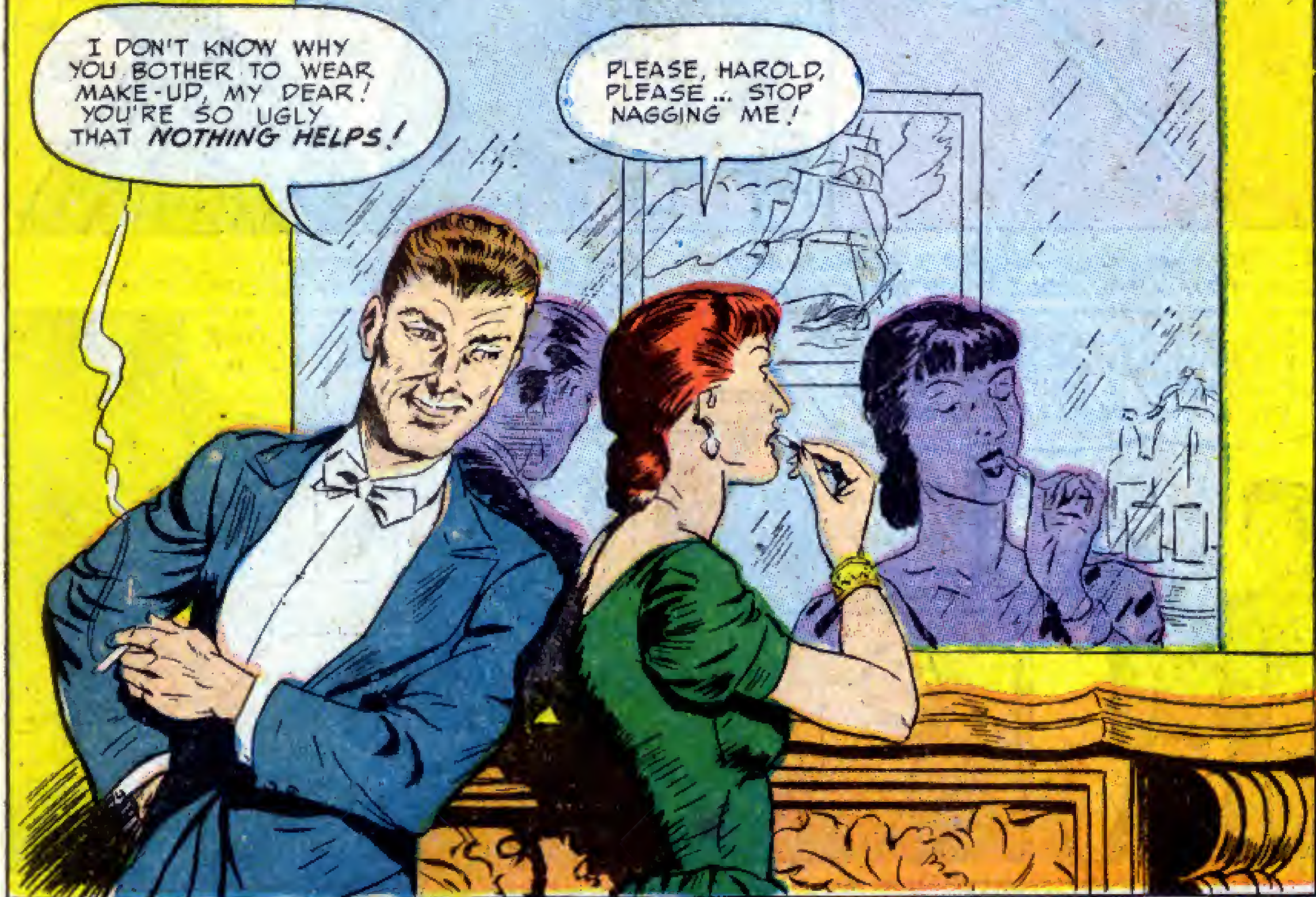
...The End...

CERTAIN DEATH STARED HER IN THE FACE... AND THEN, FROM OUTER SPACE, SHE WAS OFFERED A REPRIEVE! SHE LAUGHED AS SHE LEFT EARTH, LITTLE KNOWING SHE WAS MAKING A...

DEAL TO DIE

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU BOTHER TO WEAR MAKE-UP, MY DEAR! YOU'RE SO UGLY THAT NOTHING HELPS!

PLEASE, HAROLD, PLEASE... STOP NAGGING ME!



I HATED HIM! FOR FIVE YEARS I HAD LISTENED TO HIS SNEERING INSULTS...

FINALLY I COULD BEAR IT NO LONGER...

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE, BERNICE! NOT MANY MEN WOULD MARRY ANYONE AS UNATTRACTIVE AS YOU, EVEN WITH ALL YOUR MONEY!

I KNOW YOU MARRIED MY BANK ACCOUNT, NOT ME, HAROLD! YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP REMINDING ME!

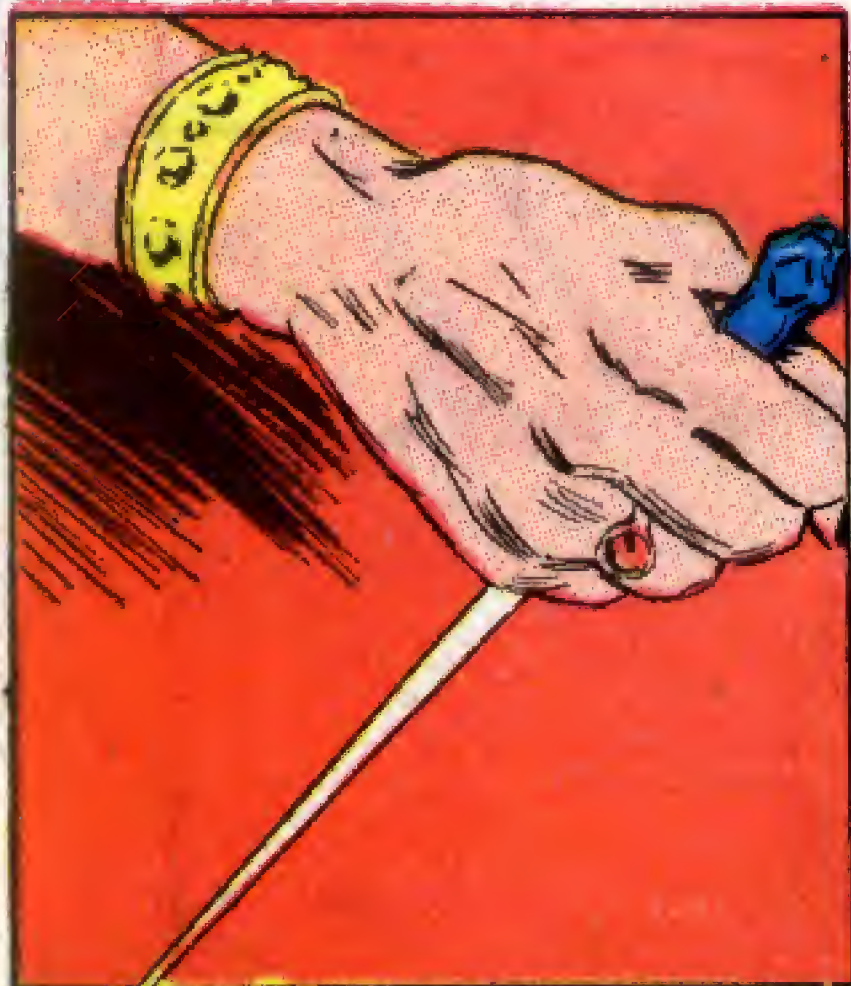
IT'S A PITY ALL THAT MONEY SHOULD BELONG TO SUCH A HOMELY FEMALE!

I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM STOP! I CAN'T STAND LISTENING TO HIM ANOTHER MINUTE!



THEN I SAW IT ON THE DESK...AND I KNEW WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO!

I MUST HAVE GONE CRAZY FOR THAT ONE MINUTE ...



NOW IF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN HAD THAT... EAGHHHHH!

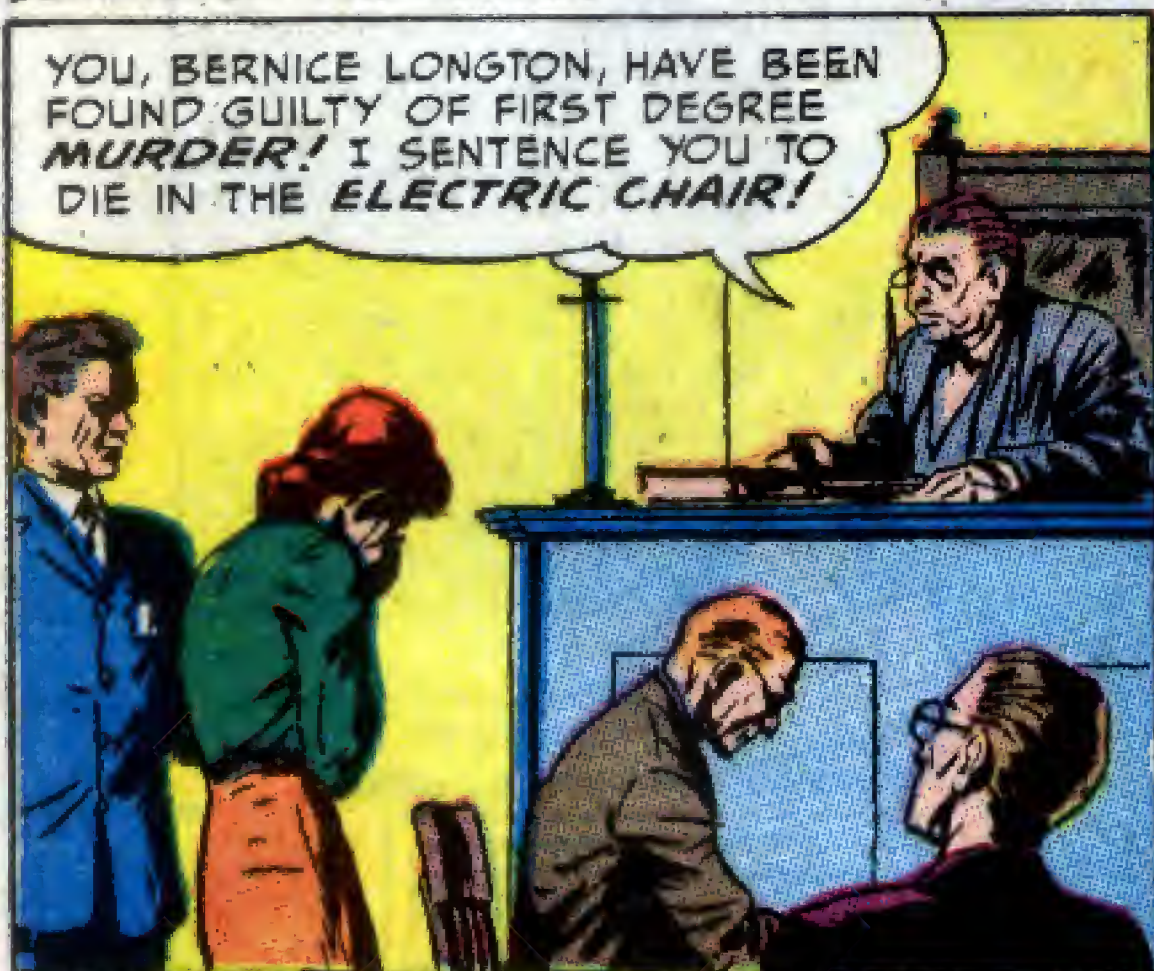
SHUT UP, HAROLD! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!



THE BUTLER HEARD HAROLD'S SCREAM AND SUMMONED THE POLICE! MY TRIAL WAS BRIEF...

THE DAYS PASSED QUICKLY, UNTIL ONLY A FEW HOURS STOOD BETWEEN ME AND THE DEATH CHAIR!

YOU, BERNICE LONGTON, HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF FIRST DEGREE MURDER! I SENTENCE YOU TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!



I... I (SOB) DON'T WANT TO DIE! IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE! I (SOB) WANT TO LIVE!



SUDDENLY...

CAN YOU HEAR ME? CAN YOU HEAR ME?



W-WHAT? I... I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND! I... IT CAN'T BE!



THEN YOU DO HEAR ME, GOOD! I AM ZORO, OF MARS! I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FORCE MY BRAIN WAVE INTO THE EARS OF AN EARTHLING!... AND NOW I HAVE SUCCEEDED!

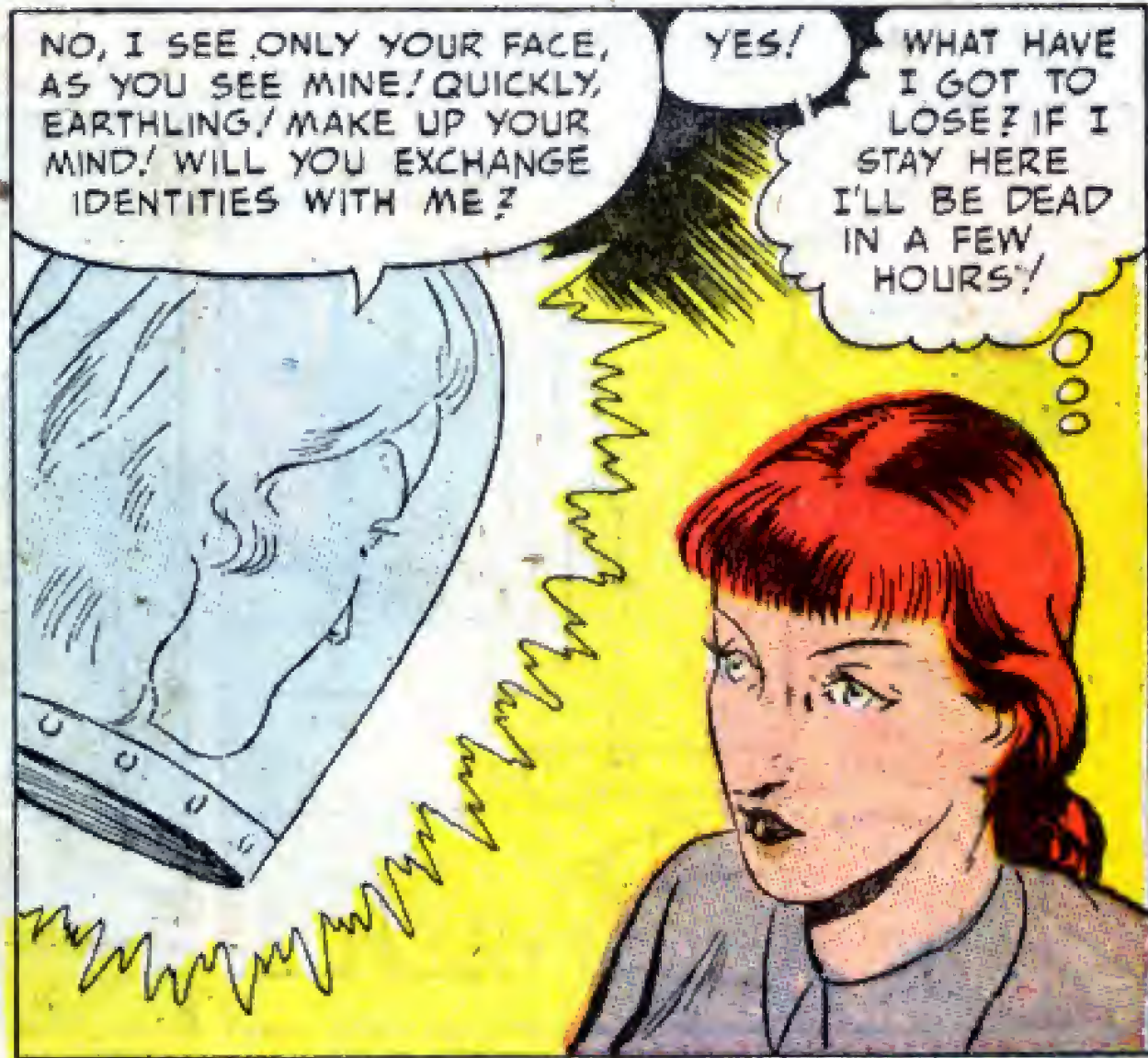
W-WHAT DO YOU WANT?





FOR YEARS I HAVE WISHED TO VISIT EARTH! I HAVE A MACHINE WHICH WILL MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR YOU TO CHANGE PLACES WITH ME!

ZORO, CAN YOU SEE ME? CAN YOU SEE *WHERE* I AM?



NO, I SEE ONLY YOUR FACE, AS YOU SEE MINE! QUICKLY, EARTHLING! MAKE UP YOUR MIND! WILL YOU EXCHANGE IDENTITIES WITH ME?

YES!

WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? IF I STAY HERE I'LL BE DEAD IN A FEW HOURS!

*S*UDDENLY IT SEEMED AS IF MY FLESH WERE BEING RIPPED FROM ME...MY MIND WHIRLED, AND I LOST CONSCIOUSNESS...

*A*ND THEN, STANDING BEFORE ME, IN THE MIDDLE OF TWO WORLDS, WAS ZORO...



I...IT WASN'T A DREAM! YOU ARE REAL!

VERY REAL, EARTHLING! NOW DO AS I INSTRUCT! WE MUST BOTH PLACE OUR FEET INSIDE THIS RADIATION BOX AT THE SAME INSTANT! THEN I SHALL BECOME YOU...AND YOU WILL BE ME!



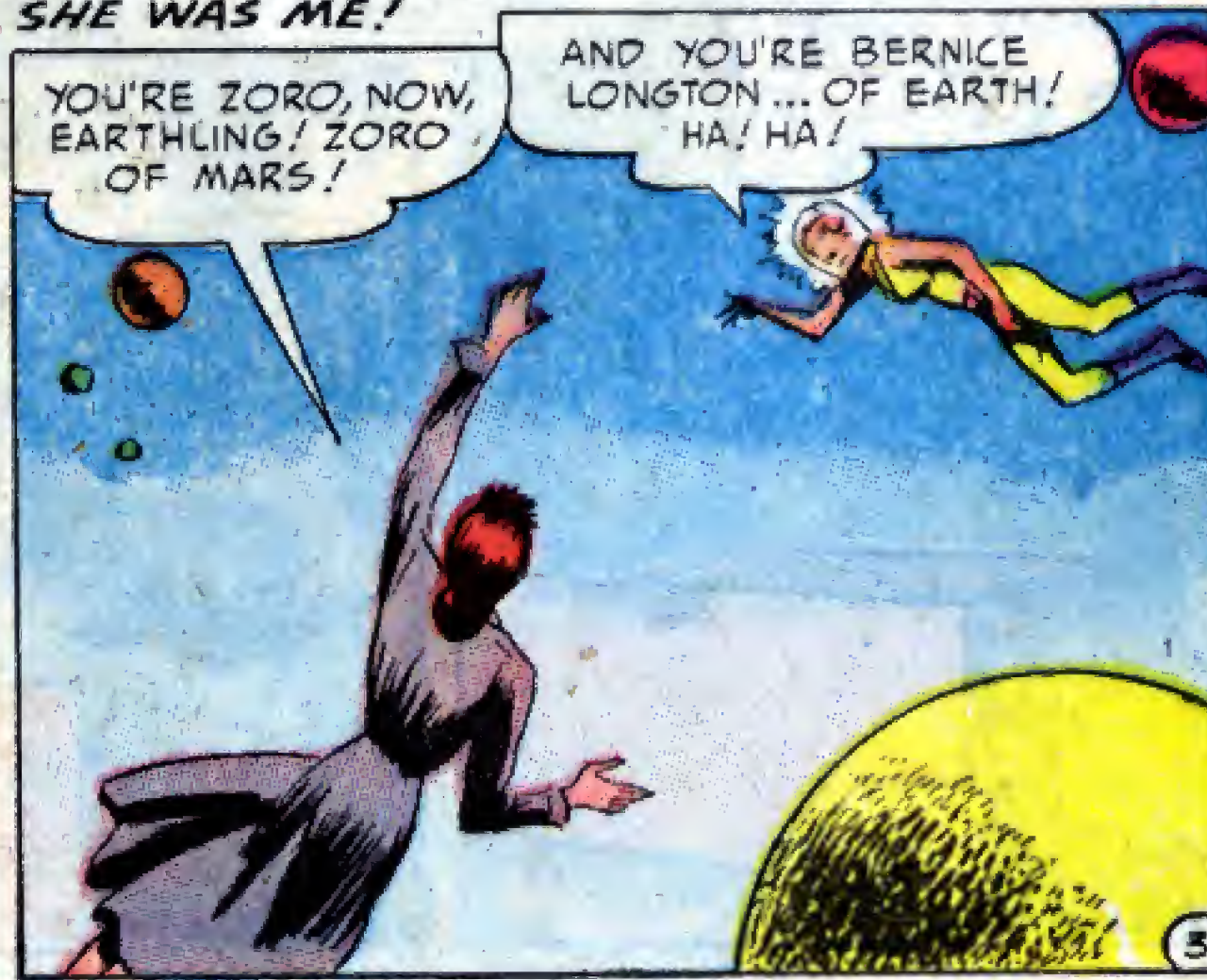
COME! IT IS TIME!

POOR FOOL! SHE'LL TAKE MY PLACE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! I'LL BE FREE! FREE!

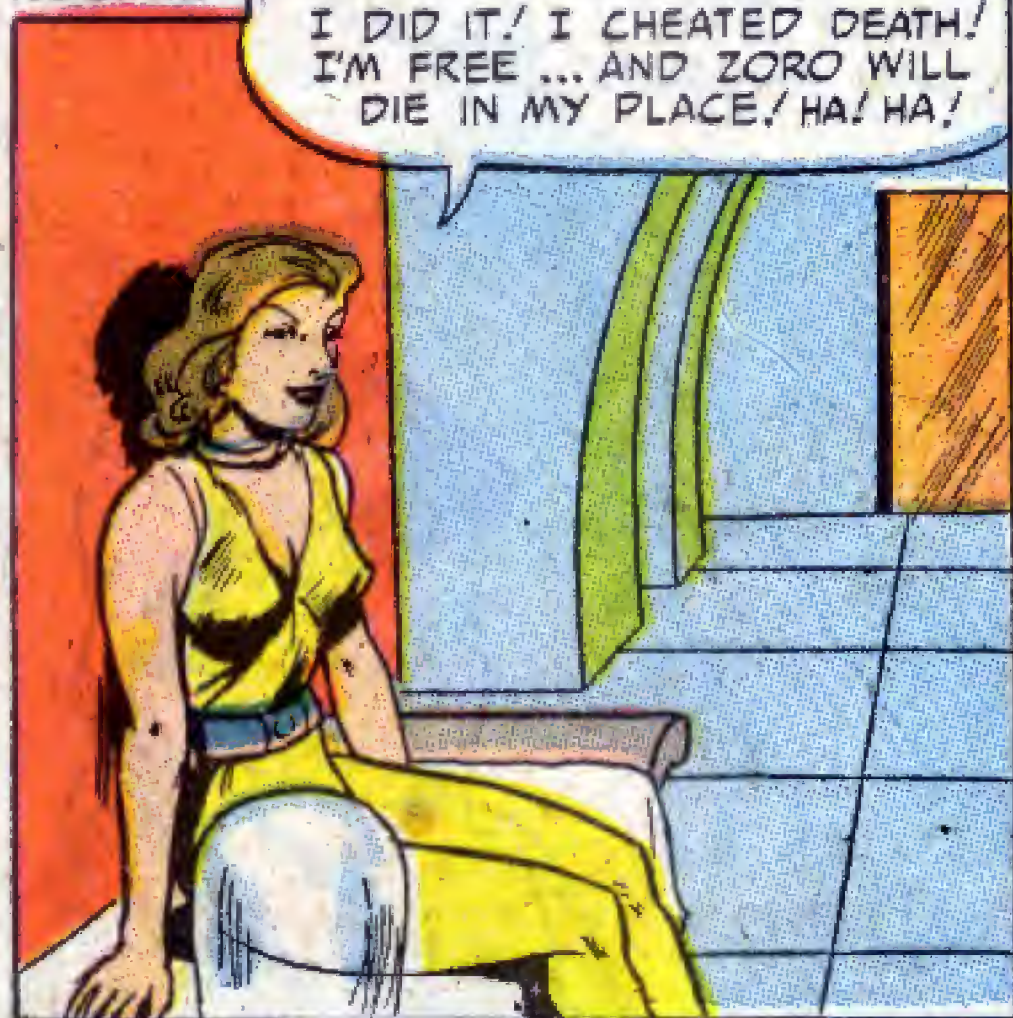
*I*N INSTANT LATER MY BODY FELT WEIGHTLESS, AND AS I WHIRLED INTO SPACE, I GOT A GLIMPSE OF ZORO! *SHE WAS ME!*

YOU'RE ZORO, NOW, EARTHLING! ZORO OF MARS!

AND YOU'RE BERNICE LONGTON...OF EARTH! HA! HA!

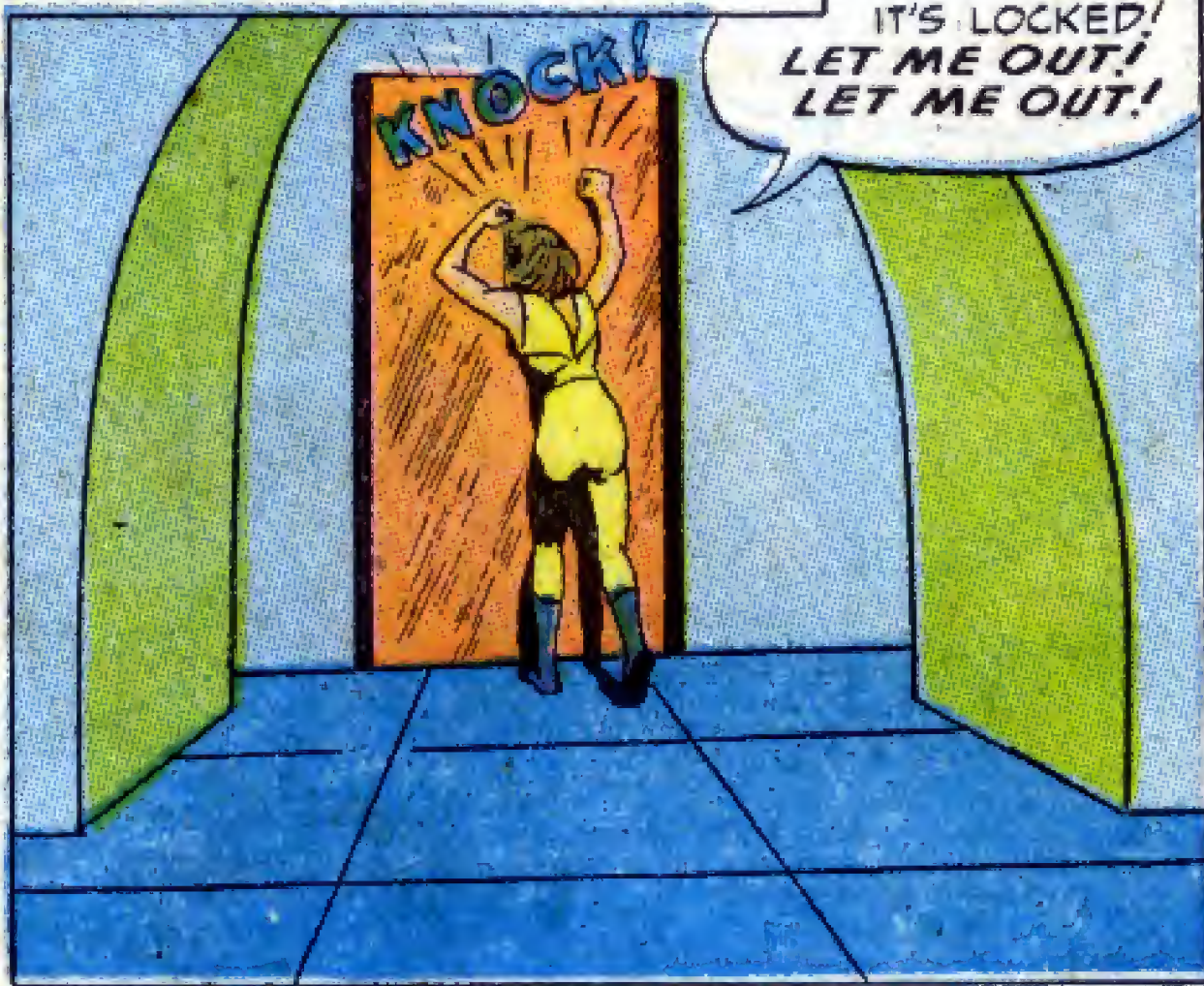


SUDDENLY THE WHIRLING STOPPED! I FOUND MYSELF ON A COT IN A STRANGE ROOM...



I DID IT! I CHEATED DEATH! I'M FREE ... AND ZORO WILL DIE IN MY PLACE! HA! HA!

AS I TOOK STOCK OF MY NEW SURROUNDINGS I NOTICED THERE WERE NO WINDOWS IN THE ROOM... AND WHEN I TRIED THE DOOR...



IT'S LOCKED! LET ME OUT! LET ME OUT!

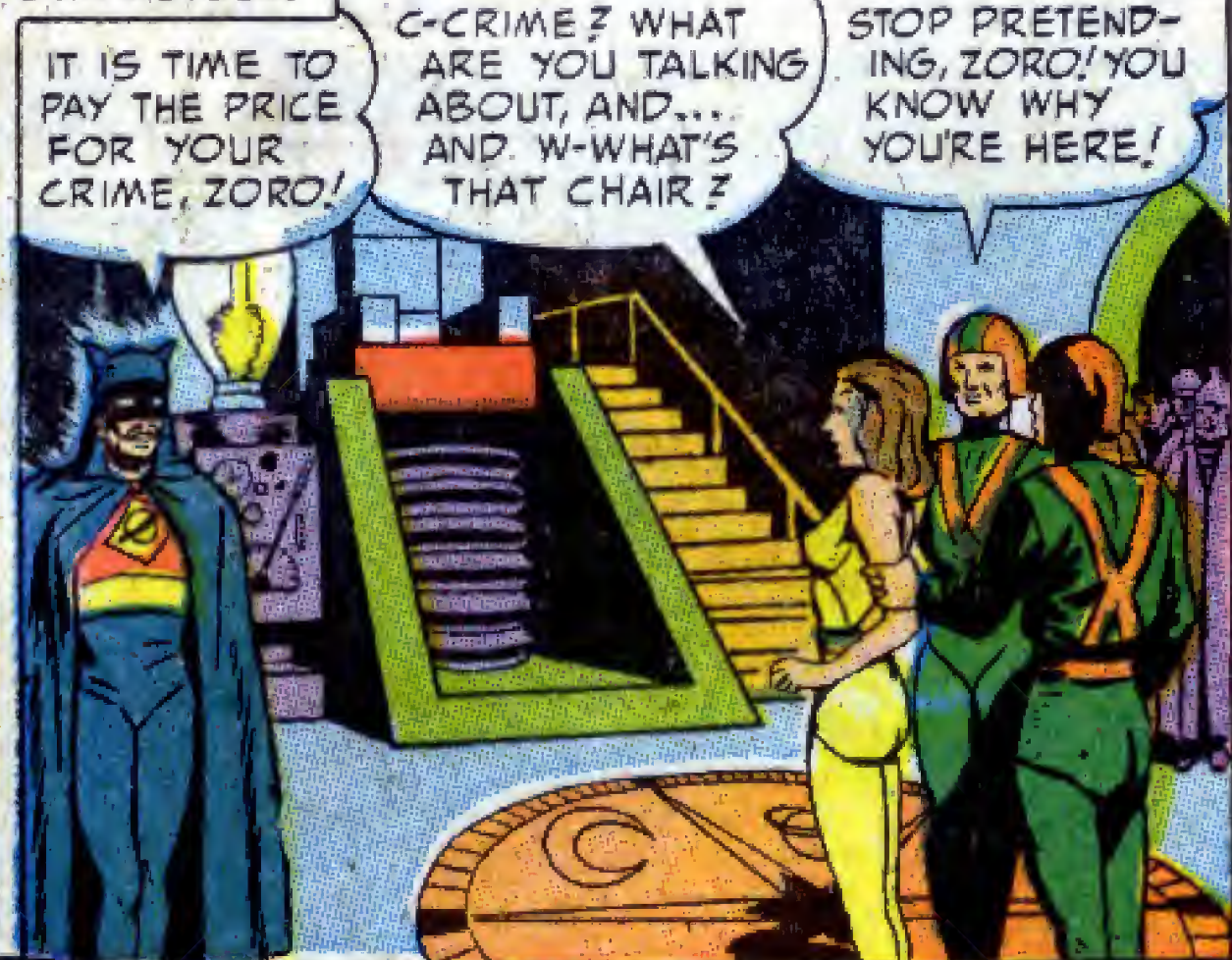


WHY DO YOU SHOUT LIKE THAT, ZORO? YOU MUST KNOW IT IS USELESS!

YES! SAVE YOUR DIGNITY! COME QUIETLY!

W-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THEY LED ME DOWN A LONG CORRIDOR AND INTO A LARGE ROOM...A ROOM WHERE AN IMMENSE COILED CHAIR STOOD!



IT IS TIME TO PAY THE PRICE FOR YOUR CRIME, ZORO!

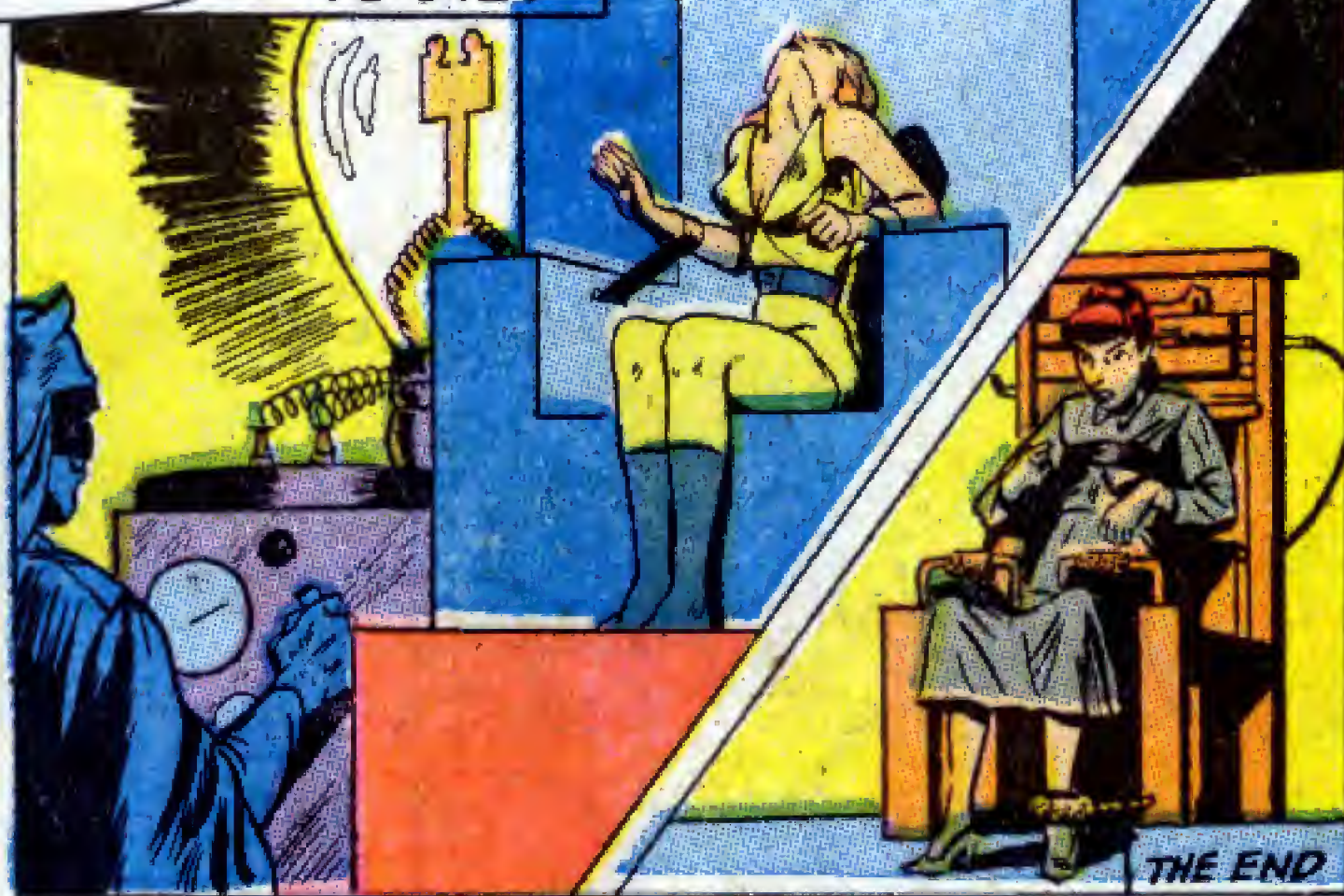
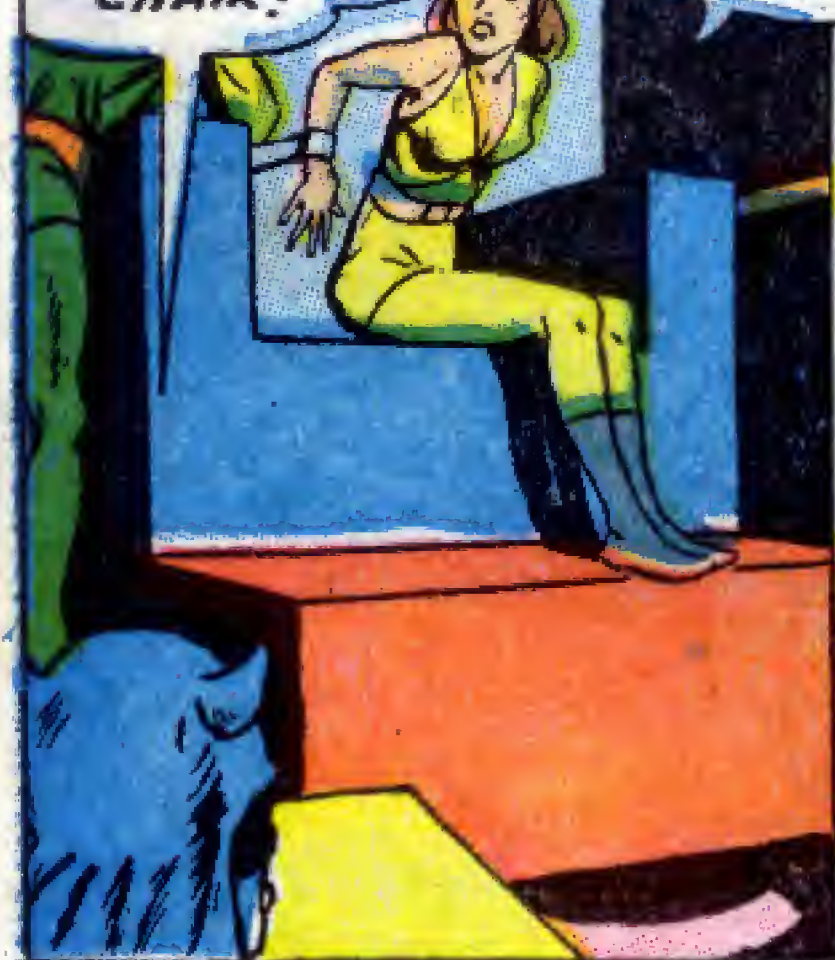
C-CRIME? WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT, AND... AND W-WHAT'S THAT CHAIR?

STOP PRETENDING, ZORO! YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE!

FOR KILLING YOUR HUSBAND, SPACE CAPTAIN VENTRA MARCO, YOU MUST PAY THE FULL PRICE! DEATH IN THE RADIATION CHAIR!

NO! NO! WAIT! YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE! I'M NOT ZORO! I'M BERNICE LONGTON! I'M FROM EARTH! ZORO AND I...

BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN... AND NOW, AS THE EXECUTIONER REACHES FOR THE SWITCH, I KNOW IT IS TOO LATE! I MADE A... DEAL TO DIE!



THE END

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HERE COME THE MARTIANS!

MR. BURKE sighed and settled back into his favorite chair. Now to read the Sunday papers while his dinner digested, and perhaps listen to a little music on the radio. He turned on some quiet orchestra music and was just snapping open the sports section when an announcer's voice interrupted the program.

"Here is a follow-up on the earlier announcement about the meteor that struck New Jersey. The meteor has been revealed to be a Martian space ship. I am on the spot now. I can see the Martians coming out of their ship. They have long tentacles and . . . They seem to be doing something now, releasing some sort of gas! People are running and falling! IT'S POISON GAS . . . It is coming this way. I can't . . . aghhh . . ."

The announcer's voice broke off and only static came from the radio.

Mr. Burke's paper dropped from his limp hand, he sat paralyzed.

"Martha, did you hear the radio? We have to get out of here! That ship is just a few miles away!" They pulled their coats on and rushed out onto Hawthorne Avenue. Half the population of Newark seemed to be there, thronging the streets. Frightened people had wet towels and kerchiefs around their faces to filter out the gas. Police cars and ambulances were just pulling up to take care of the potential victims.

This was Newark, New Jersey, on Sunday evening, October 30, 1938. In New York City the same scenes were being repeated. Thousands of people rushed to the city parks to escape the Mar-

tian death rays which were now pouring from the space ship. Other thousands deluged the police and radio stations with phone calls, disrupting phone service completely by overloading the system.

What happened? That was the question on everybody's lips. As the hysteria died down, the authorities discovered that a radio drama program had been to blame for the whole thing. A young radio actor, twenty-three year old Orson Welles, had been starring in a radio dramatization of H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds." The story was dramatized in the form of radio bulletins and eye witness reports, just as if the Martian invasion was taking place. The show was more realistic than young Mr. Welles had bargained for.

Metropolitan New York and New Jersey were in an uproar. Normally quiet citizens were hurling their furniture out of windows and rushing off with shotguns to fight the "invaders". Horace Dodd, a Westfield, N. J. inhabitant, called the New York terminal of a Jersey bus line and warned them not to send any more passengers to their doom. When the puzzled dispatcher asked for more details, Mr. Dodd said that he didn't have time to talk. "The world is coming to an end, and I have a lot to do!" he added, pithily.

A lot of people besides Mr. Dodd must have had a lot of things to do before the world came to an end. A man from Brooklyn called up to report that the family car was missing. His brother, who was ill in bed, had, it turned out, leaped to his feet when he heard the radio, started up the car and disappeared.

Old age seemed to be better able to face Martians than the young. Three men, each over eighty, turned up at a Staten Island police station waving deer rifles and aching for a shot at the "octopusses in the rocket ship!" At the same time five students of Barnard college passed out from fright. They were left unattended as the rest of the students were phoning their parents to come and rescue them from the oncoming Martian monsters.

The fact that the "invasion" occurred on Sunday night made it easy for the churches to play their part. Many evening services were turned into end-of-the-world meetings. Local clerics noted a decided and instantaneous rise in church attendance.

About the only people who prospered from the scare were the stockholders of the New York Telephone Company. Bell System officials in Westchester reported that never before in their history had as many calls been handled in one hour. Most of the callers who deluged the press, radio and police just wanted to know more facts to confirm or deny the radio reports and rumors they had heard. One gentleman, however, was precise. He wanted to know at exactly what time the world would come to an end. Perhaps he wanted to set his watch.

By nine PM, when the broadcast was over, it had spread fear and hysteria for miles around. People had collapsed and were being treated for shock in the streets. Pedestrians, loaded down with furniture, had succeeded in knotting up traffic so that it could barely move. All communications were clogged, and the airlines had full bookings on their outgoing flights.

By this time the police had located the source of the trouble and had sent this message to all precincts and patrol cars;

"Radio program cause of panic. No truth in stories of invasion from space."

They weren't long in finding that people believed the fantastic rumors circulating more readily than

they did the reassurances of the police. Thirty people moved into a Queens police station with bundles of clothes and blankets to await transportation out of the stricken city. Their leader swore to the astonished desk sergeant that he had heard the president make an announcement on the radio. F. D. R. had given exact directions—so here they were!

Monday morning dawned chill and humorless. Reaction was setting in and the people felt that they had been hoaxed and made fools of. A sweating and hollow-eyed Orson Welles, who had been up all night, was interviewed in his hotel room. He swore sincerely that he had meant no harm, that it had not been a deliberate hoax. This was small relief for the near "victims" of death-rays and poison gas. Welles' program was called "an asinine stunt" and "a crummy thing" as well as some other expressions used only in moments of extreme anger.

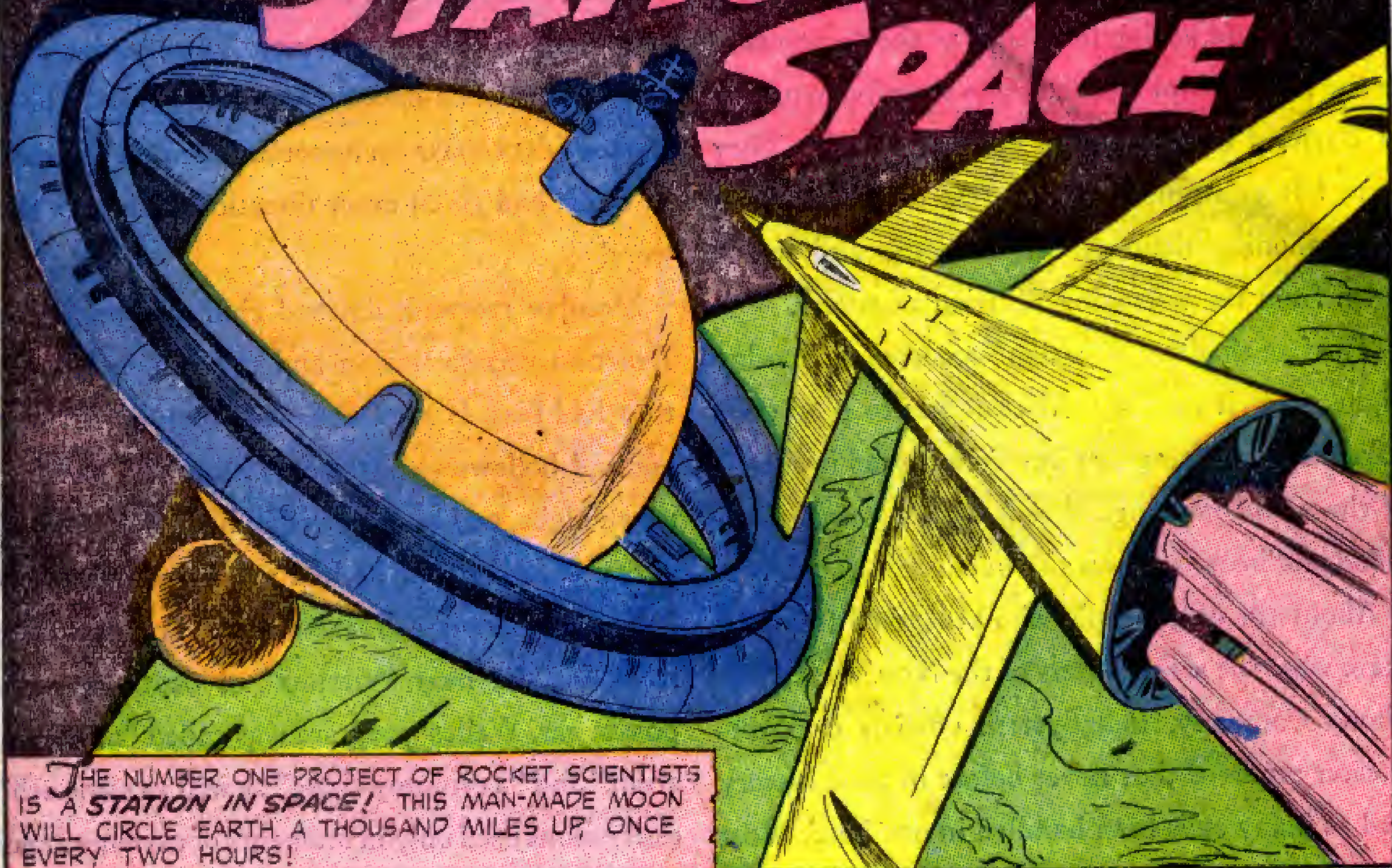
The Federal Communications Commission examined recordings made of the broadcast and found that no rules had been violated. There had been announcements before, after, and during the play that clearly identified it as a work of fiction. These were apparently overlooked because of the realistic nature of the "on-the-spot" technique that was used. Apparently the "eye-witness" announcers reporting the Martian activities "died" for the benefit of the radio audience with entirely too much realism.

The radio network decided that this way of handling a program would not be used again on timely material. There was no one they could blame. The sophisticated New Yorkers pushed their furniture back in through the windows and stored away their shotguns and rifles for a future Martian invasion.

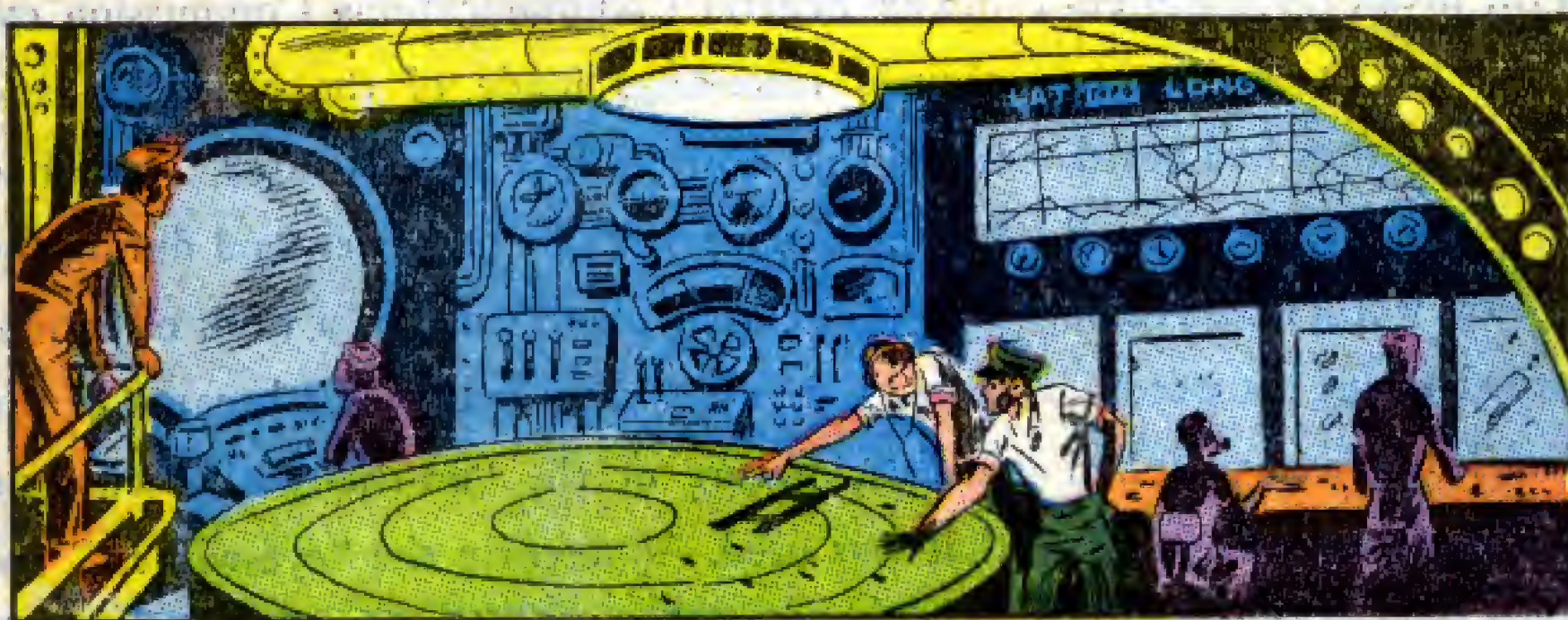
It will be a little harder to get them to believe the story next time. Or will it?

THE END

STATION IN SPACE

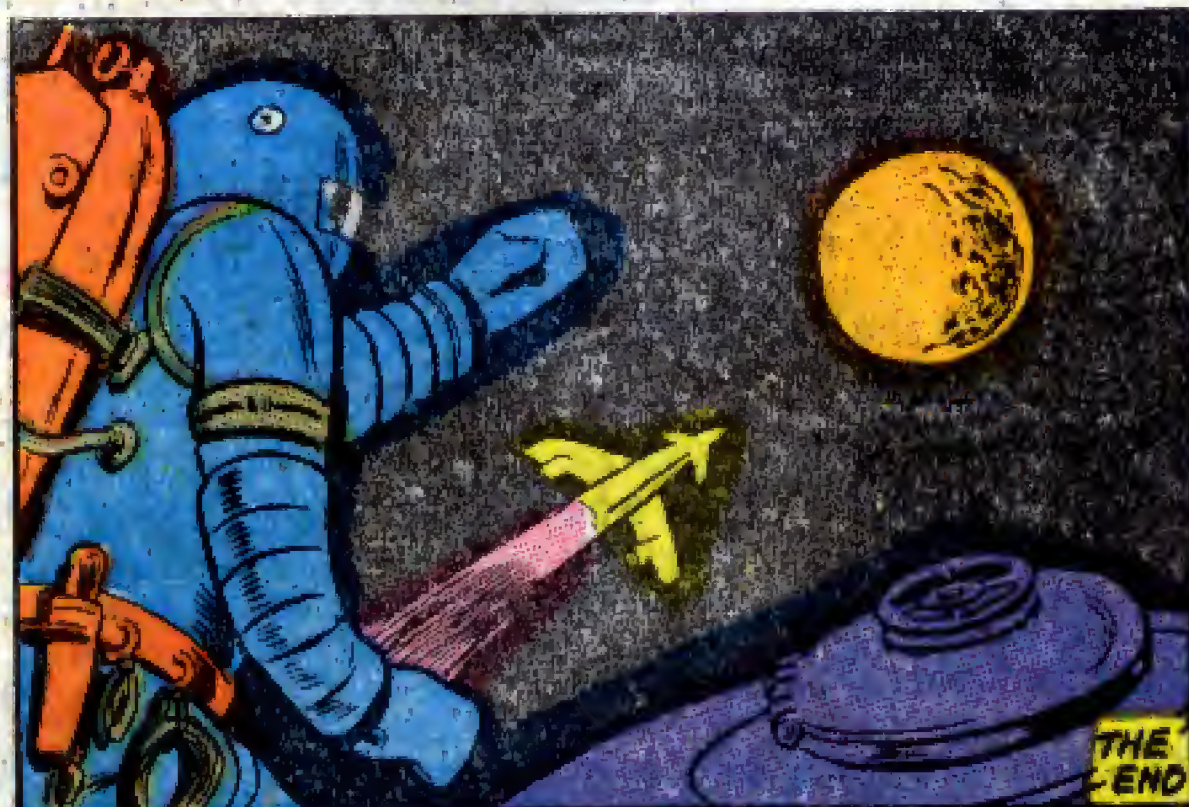
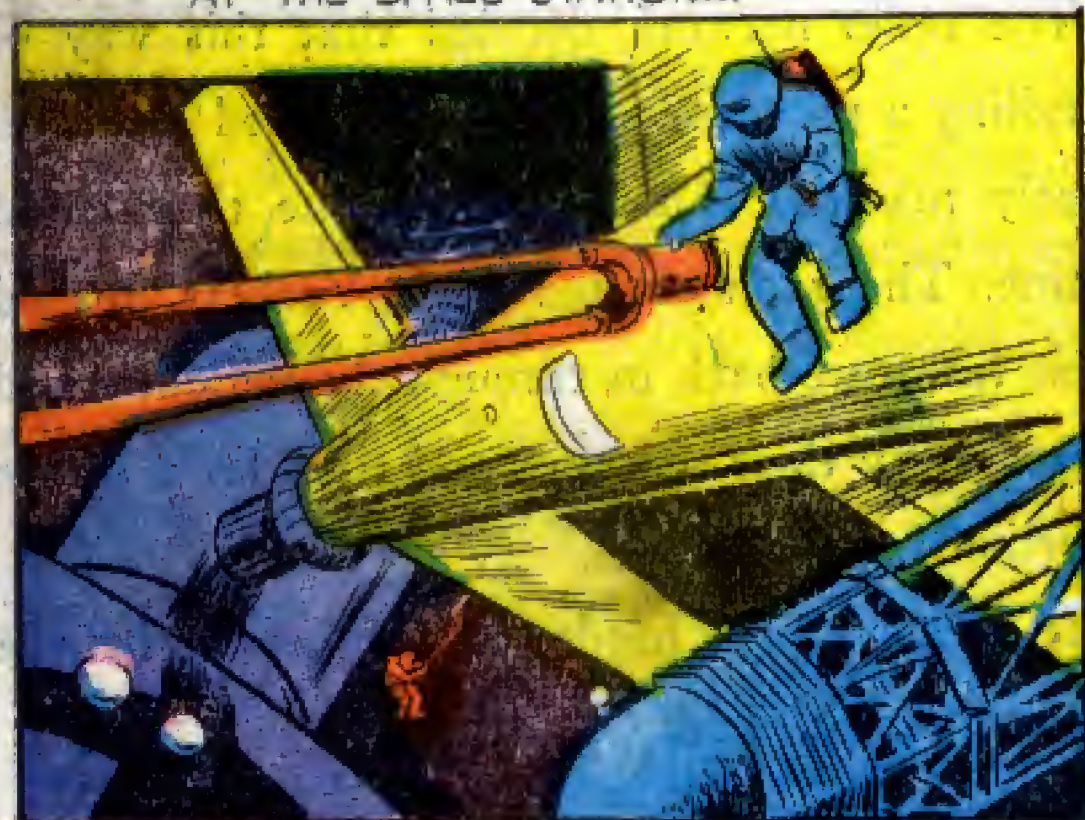


THE NUMBER ONE PROJECT OF ROCKET SCIENTISTS IS A **STATION IN SPACE!** THIS MAN-MADE MOON WILL CIRCLE EARTH A THOUSAND MILES UP, ONCE EVERY TWO HOURS!



FROM THERE, TELESCOPES, TRAINED ON EARTH, WILL BE ABLE TO STUDY AND PREDICT WEATHER CONDITIONS AND ALSO OBSERVE THE FIRST SIGN OF AGGRESSION BELOW—ANY HOSTILE MASSING OF TROOPS!

THE STATION WILL BE A FIRST STEP INTO OUTER SPACE! BLASTING OFF FROM EARTH, A SPACE SHIP WILL USE HALF ITS FUEL JUST TO GET BEYOND OUR ATMOSPHERE, BUT IT CAN REFUEL AT THE SPACE STATION...

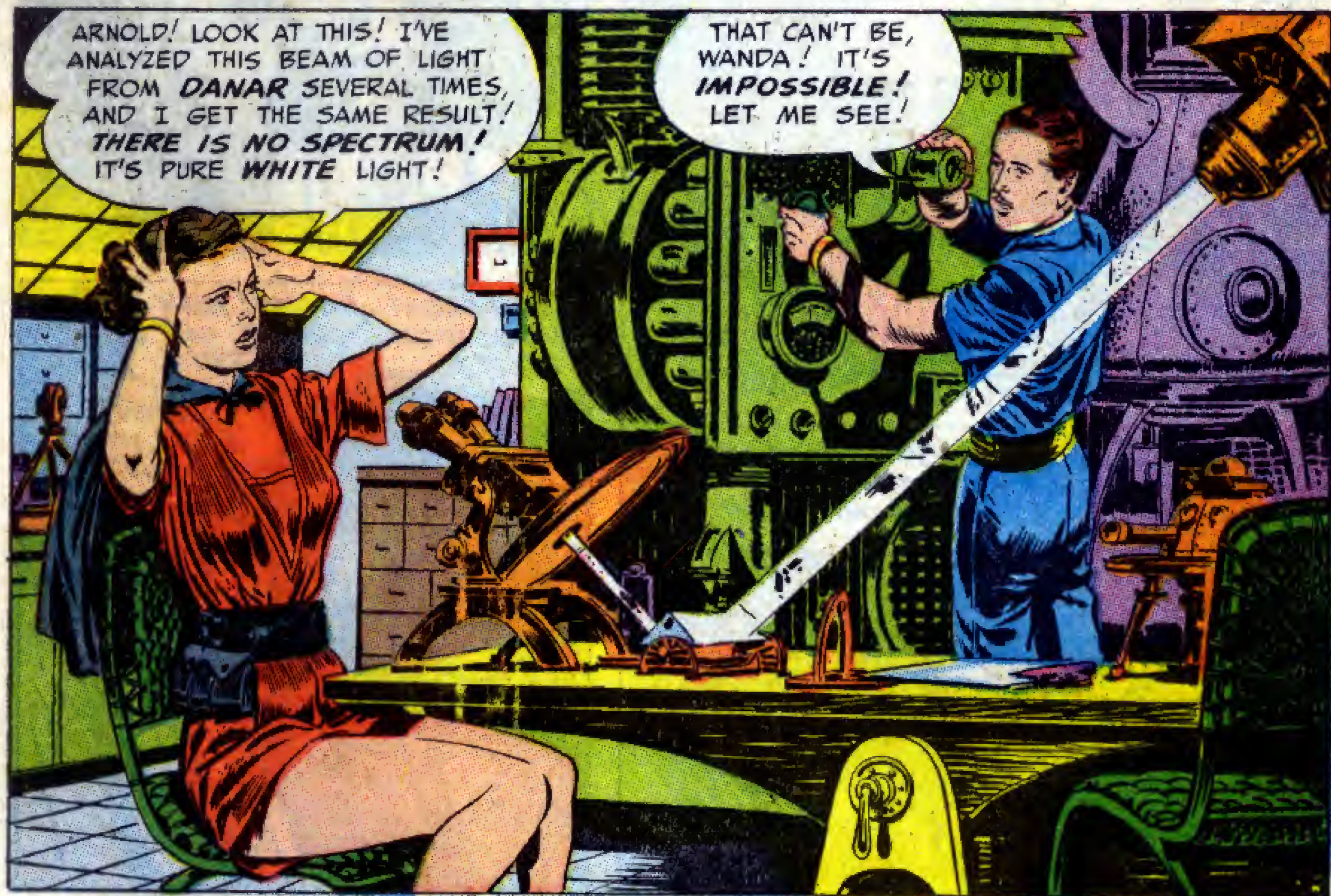


TAKE OFF WITH FULL TANKS, AND ATTAIN THE SPEED IMPARTED TO IT BY THE SPACE STATION ITSELF — BETTER THAN **FOUR MILES A SECOND!** FROM THERE, IT'S JUST A LONG BLAST AND GLIDE ACROSS BLACK OUTER SPACE TO THE MOON!

THE
END

The CITY OF LIGHT

IN THE EXPERIMENTAL AND RESEARCH LABORATORIES ON **RONDOS**, BASE OPERATIONS PLANETOID FOR THE **PERIMETER PATROL SERVICE**, WANDA CARTER, BEAUTIFUL LAB TECHNICIAN, MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY. SHE HAS BEEN ANALYZING THE LIGHT FROM THE DISTANT PLANETOID **DANAR** IN HER SPECTROSCOPE, AND...



ARNOLD! LOOK AT THIS! I'VE ANALYZED THIS BEAM OF LIGHT FROM **DANAR** SEVERAL TIMES, AND I GET THE SAME RESULT! **THERE IS NO SPECTRUM!** IT'S PURE **WHITE** LIGHT!

THAT CAN'T BE, WANDA! IT'S **IMPOSSIBLE!** LET ME SEE!

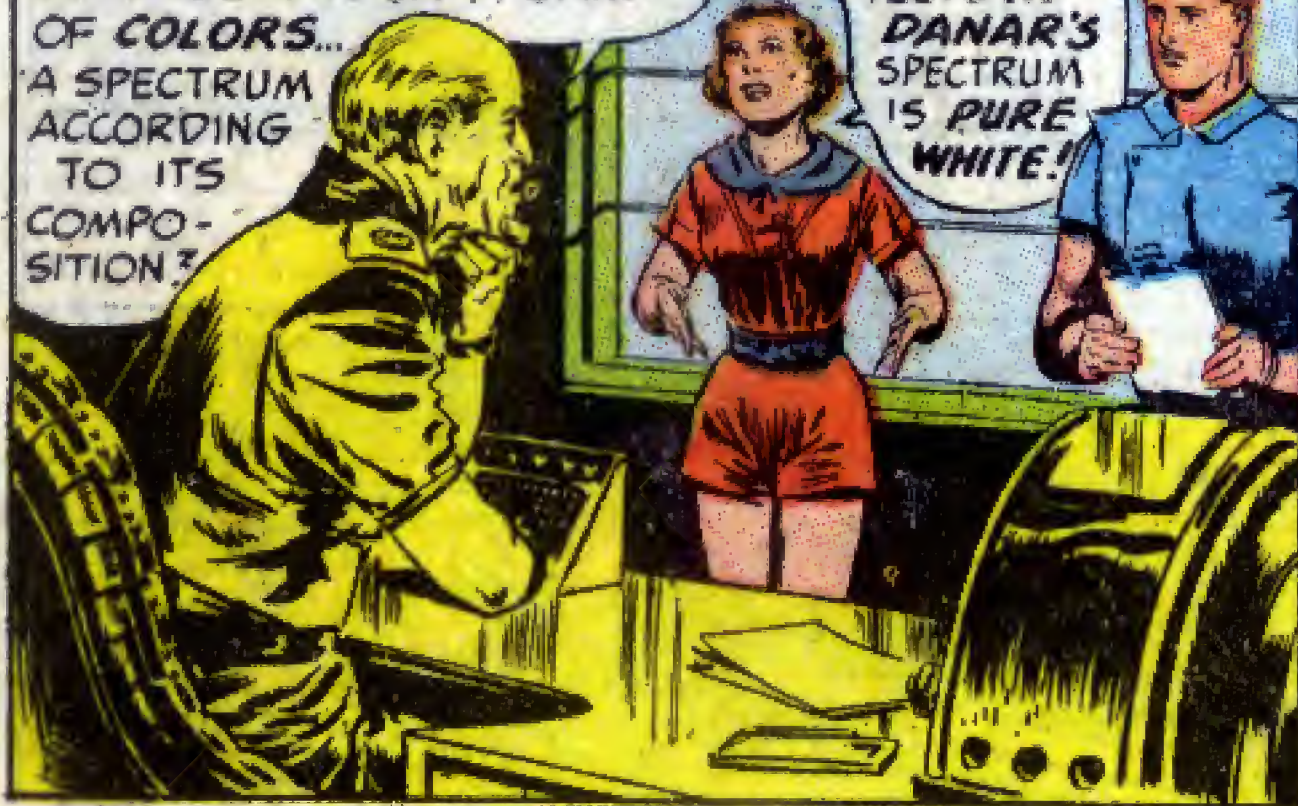
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, IN THE OFFICES OF CENTURION LUTHER MYNOT, COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE PATROL STATION...

I SEE, MISS CARTER. BUT DOESN'T **EVERY** BIT OF MATTER IN THE UNIVERSE GIVE OFF A BAND OF **COLORS**... A SPECTRUM ACCORDING TO ITS COMPOSITION?

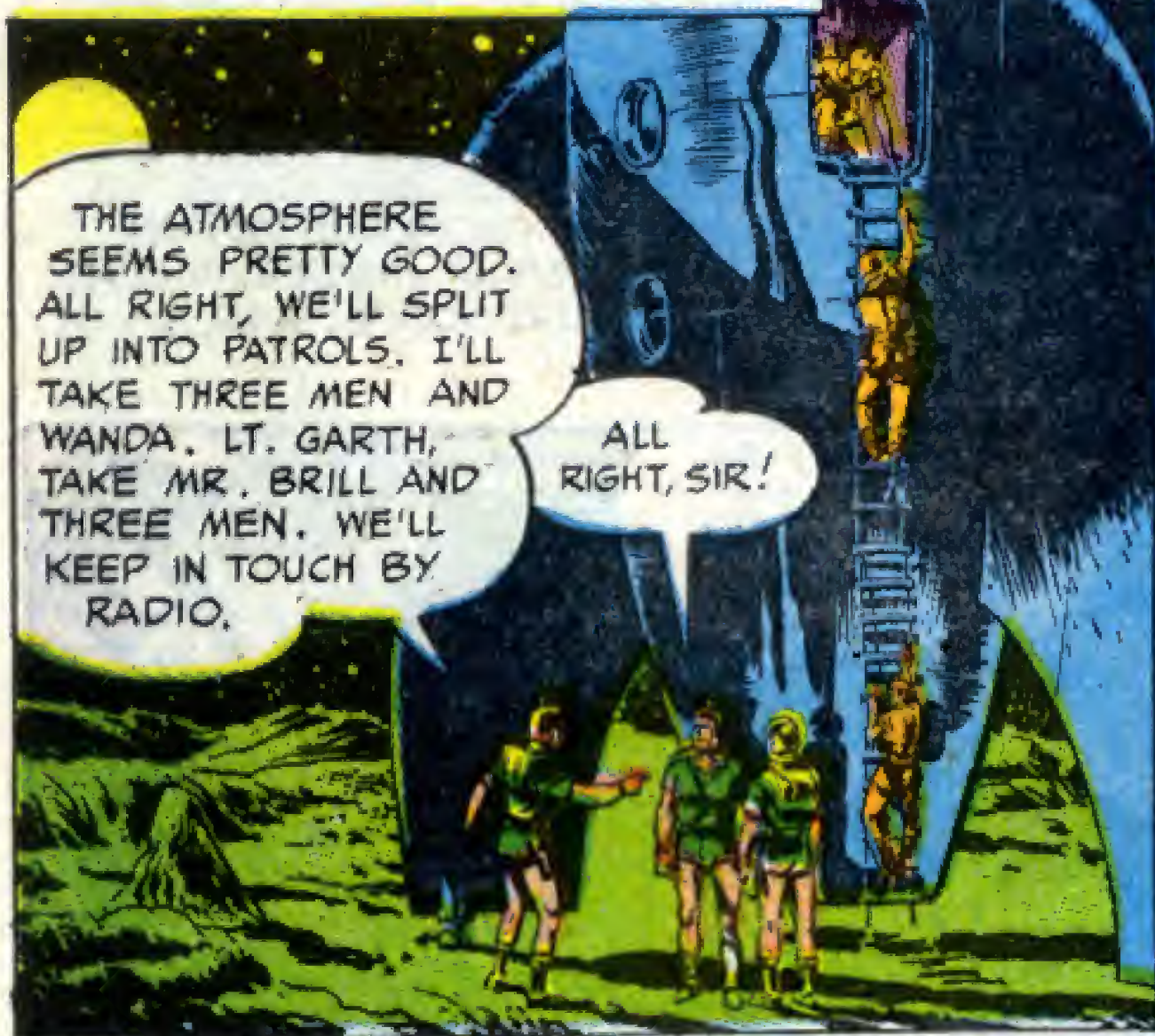
YES, CENTURION, THAT'S JUST IT! MR. BRILL HERE CONFIRMED MY TESTS... **DANAR'S SPECTRUM IS PURE WHITE!**

THIS SOUNDS **SERIOUS!** I'M GOING TO DISPATCH A PATROL TO **DANAR** TO INVESTIGATE. YOU TWO WILL GO ALONG AS TECHNICIANS... HELLO, SERGEANT! HAVE **CAPTAIN MARTIN HAWKINS** REPORT TO ME AT ONCE!

CAPTAIN HAWKINS! OF ALL THE ROTTEN LUCK! HE **HAS** TO PICK THE GUY WANDA IS **CRAZY** ABOUT! BUT MAYBE I'LL HAVE MY CHANCE YET!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, THE PATROL VESSEL **PENUMBRA** EASES DOWN ON THE TWISTED, CORRODED SURFACE OF THE PLANETOID **DANAR**...



THE ATMOSPHERE SEEMS PRETTY GOOD. ALL RIGHT, WE'LL SPLIT UP INTO PATROLS. I'LL TAKE THREE MEN AND WANDA. LT. GARTH, TAKE MR. BRILL AND THREE MEN. WE'LL KEEP IN TOUCH BY RADIO.

ALL RIGHT, SIR!

AN HOUR LATER...

WE'RE GOING INTO THIS CAVE, CAPTAIN, AND INVESTIGATE!

ALL RIGHT, GROLL, BUT KEEP ON YOUR TOES!



LOOK! GREAT EROS, LOOK AT IT!

WOW! HOW DID IT GET THERE!

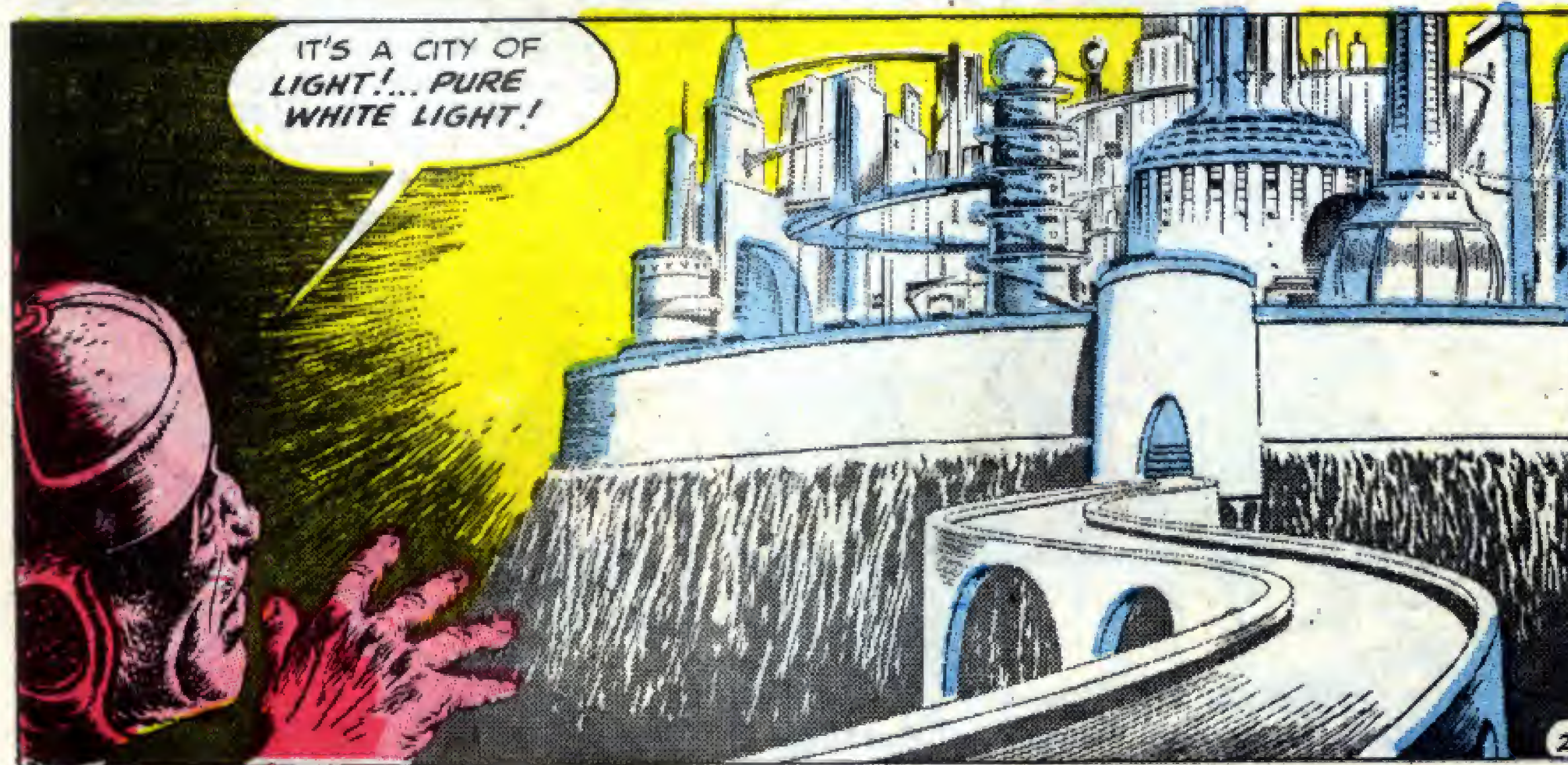
JUMPIN' JETS! WHAT IS IT?



THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME **LIGHT** COMING FROM THE NEXT BEND.



IT'S A CITY OF **LIGHT**!... **PURE WHITE LIGHT**!



THE PATROL ADVANCES CAUTIOUSLY INTO THE WEIRD SUBTERRANEAN CITY. SUDDENLY THEY ARE BESET BY THE PHOTON-MEN, CREATURES OF SHIMMERING TRANSPARENCY...

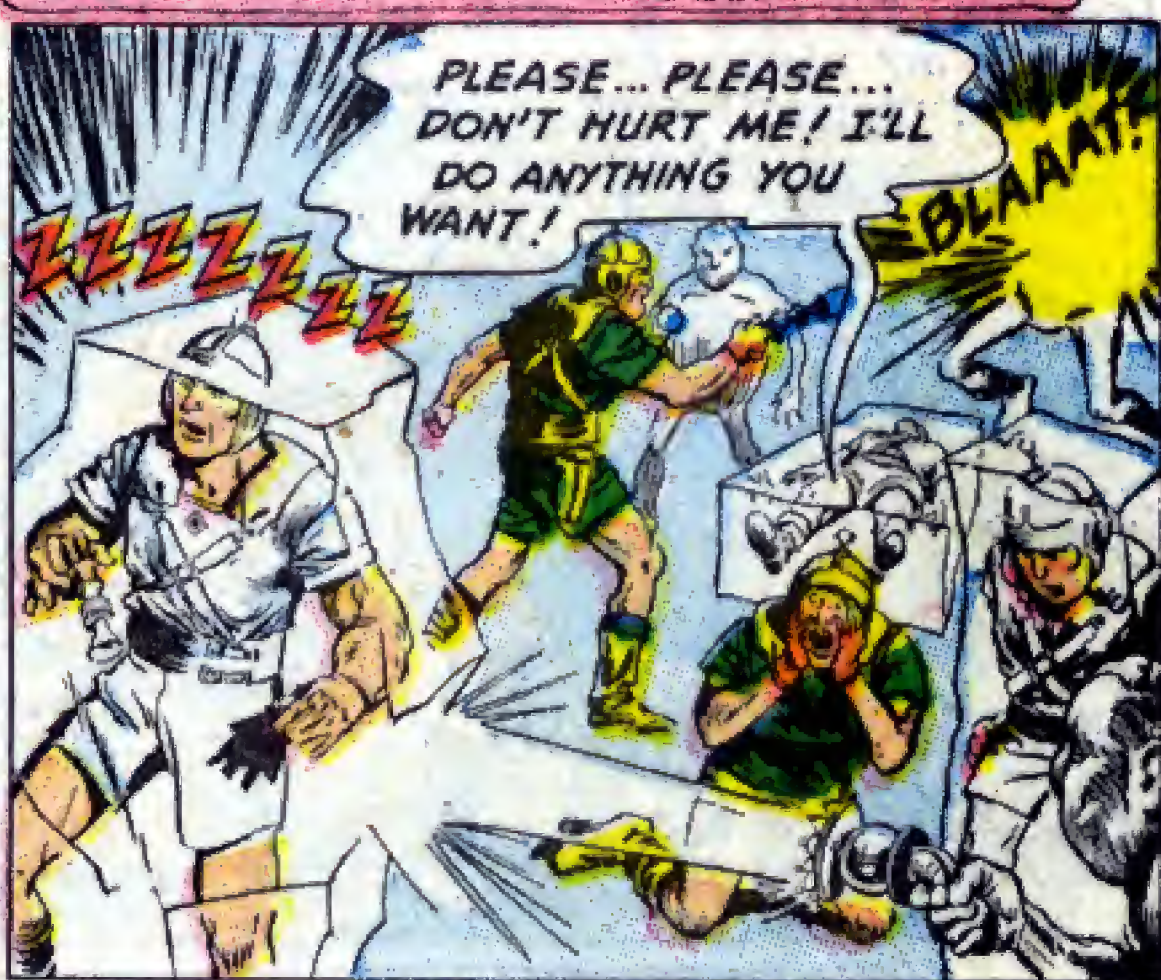


WE'RE SURROUNDED!

KEEP COOL, MEN! DON'T FIRE UNLESS THEY DO!

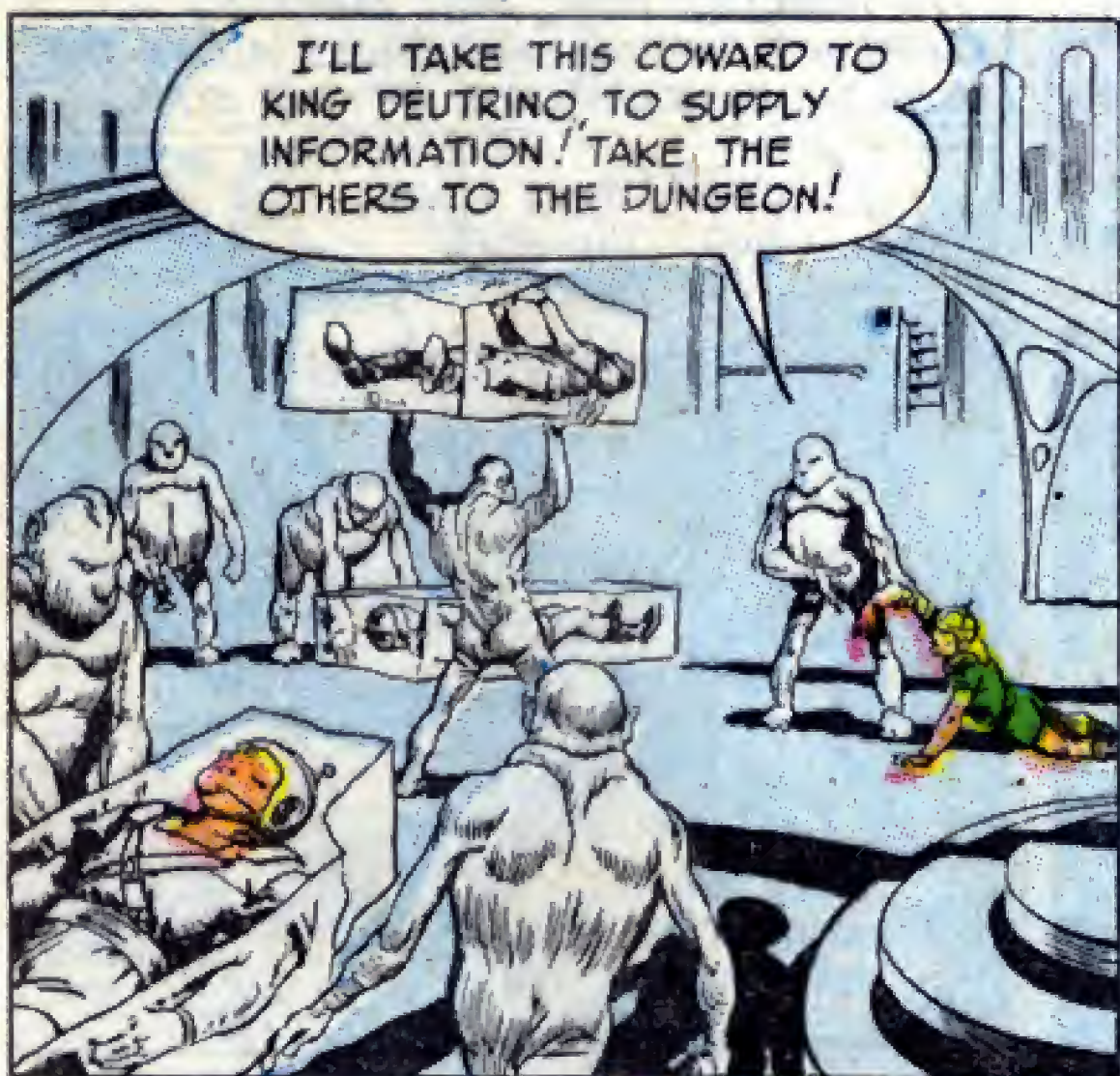
NO, I DON'T WANT TO DIE! HELP!

SUDDENLY THE PHOTON-MEN BEGIN FIRING THEIR BEAMER-RAYS, WEAPONS WHICH BLOCK THE TARGET UP IN A CHUNK OF SOLID LIGHT...



PLEASE... PLEASE... DON'T HURT ME! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU WANT!

BLAAAT!



I'LL TAKE THIS COWARD TO KING DEUTRINO, TO SUPPLY INFORMATION! TAKE THE OTHERS TO THE DUNGEON!



BUT ONCE BEFORE DEUTRINO...

IF YOU WILL SPARE THE GIRL AND ME, I WILL LURE THE OTHER PATROLMEN INTO YOUR TRAP!

AGREED, EARTHLING!

THEN I CAN GO BACK TO RONDOS, A HERO... AND CAPTAIN HAWKINS WILL BE CONVENIENTLY OUT OF THE WAY!

YOU FOOL! YOU WILL NEVER LEAVE DANAR... ALIVE!

SO BRILL IS ALLOWED TO GO TO THE SURFACE, LITTLE DREAMING THAT HIS BETRAYAL WILL AVAIL HIM NOTHING...

CAP'N HAWKINS... IT'S ALL RIGHT! WE'VE FOUND WHAT CAUSED THE WHITE SPECTRUM... A SUBTERRANEAN CITY... A CITY OF LIGHT! THE INHABITANTS ARE VERY FRIENDLY. LT. GARTH AND THE OTHERS ARE FEASTING NOW! THEY SENT ME TO GET YOU!

HMM! ALL RIGHT, BRILL, LEAD THE WAY!



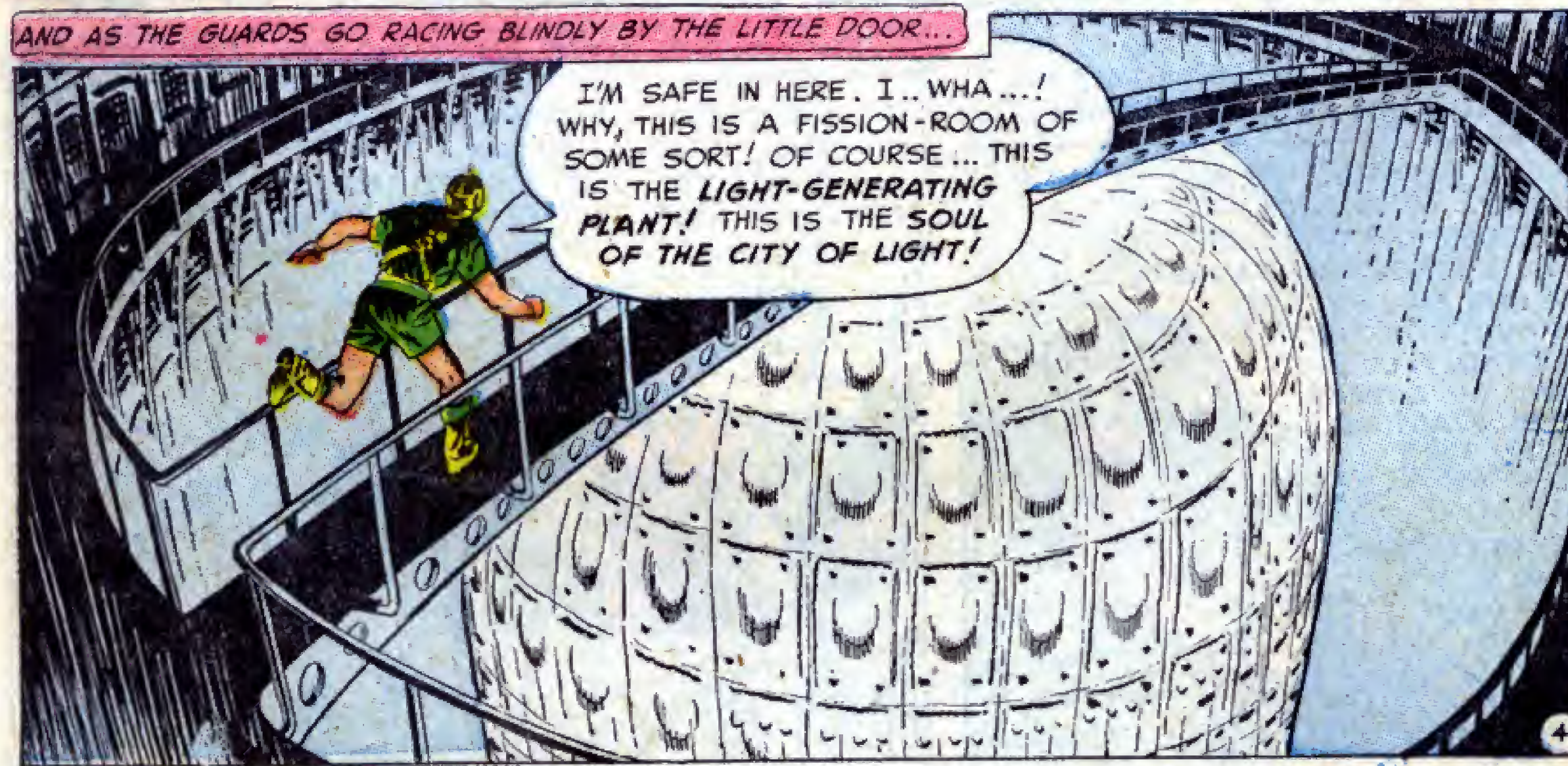
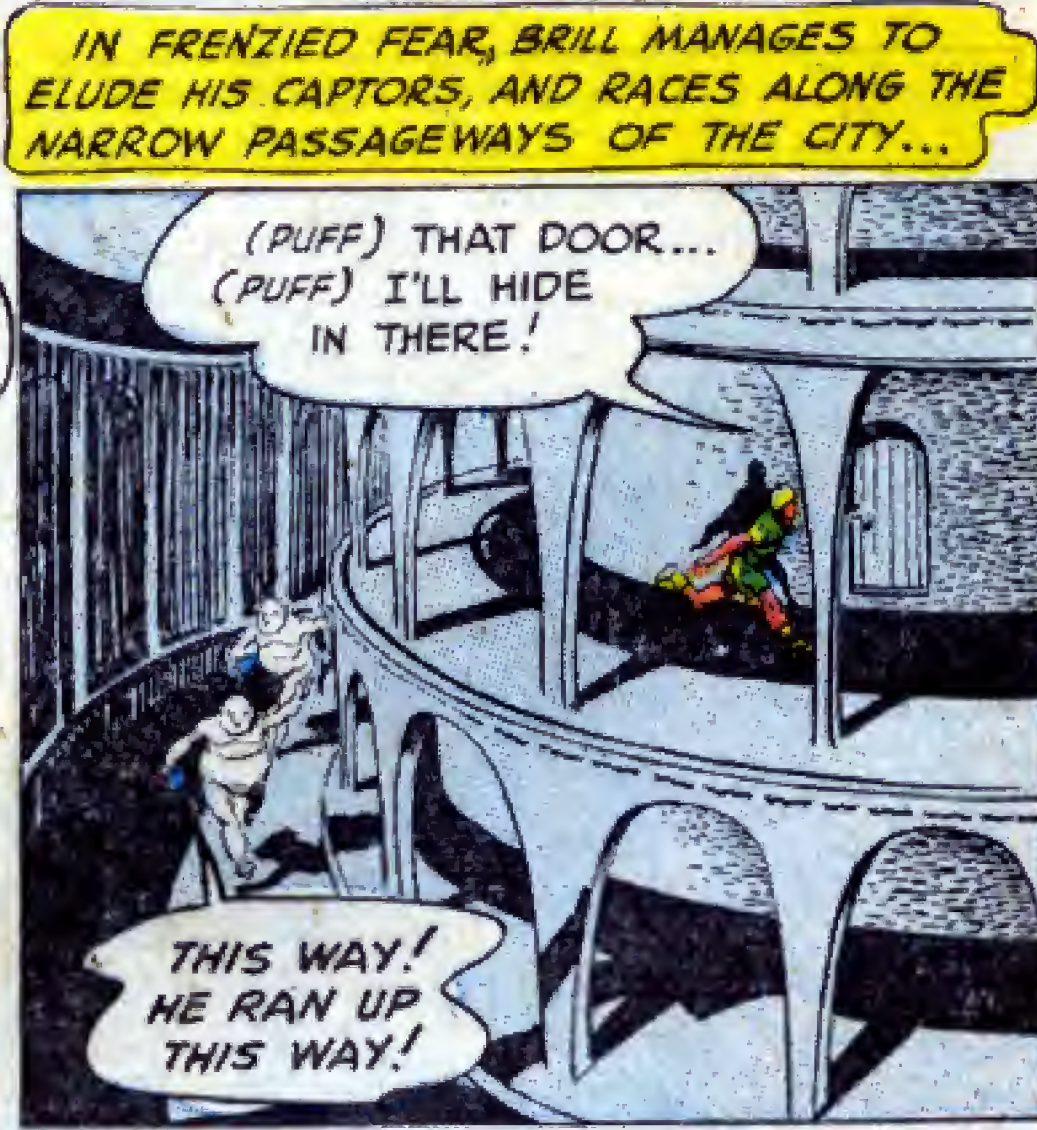
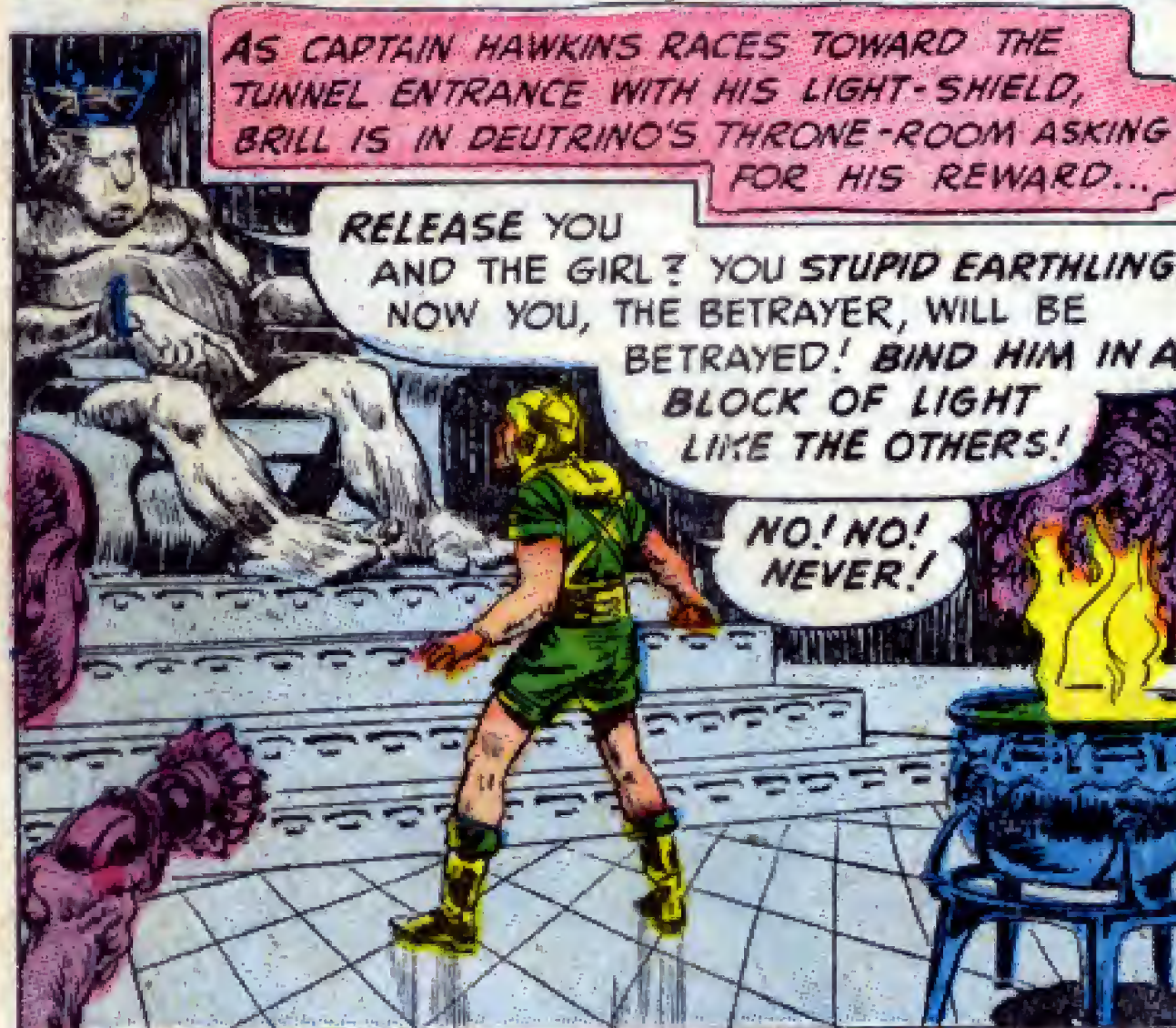
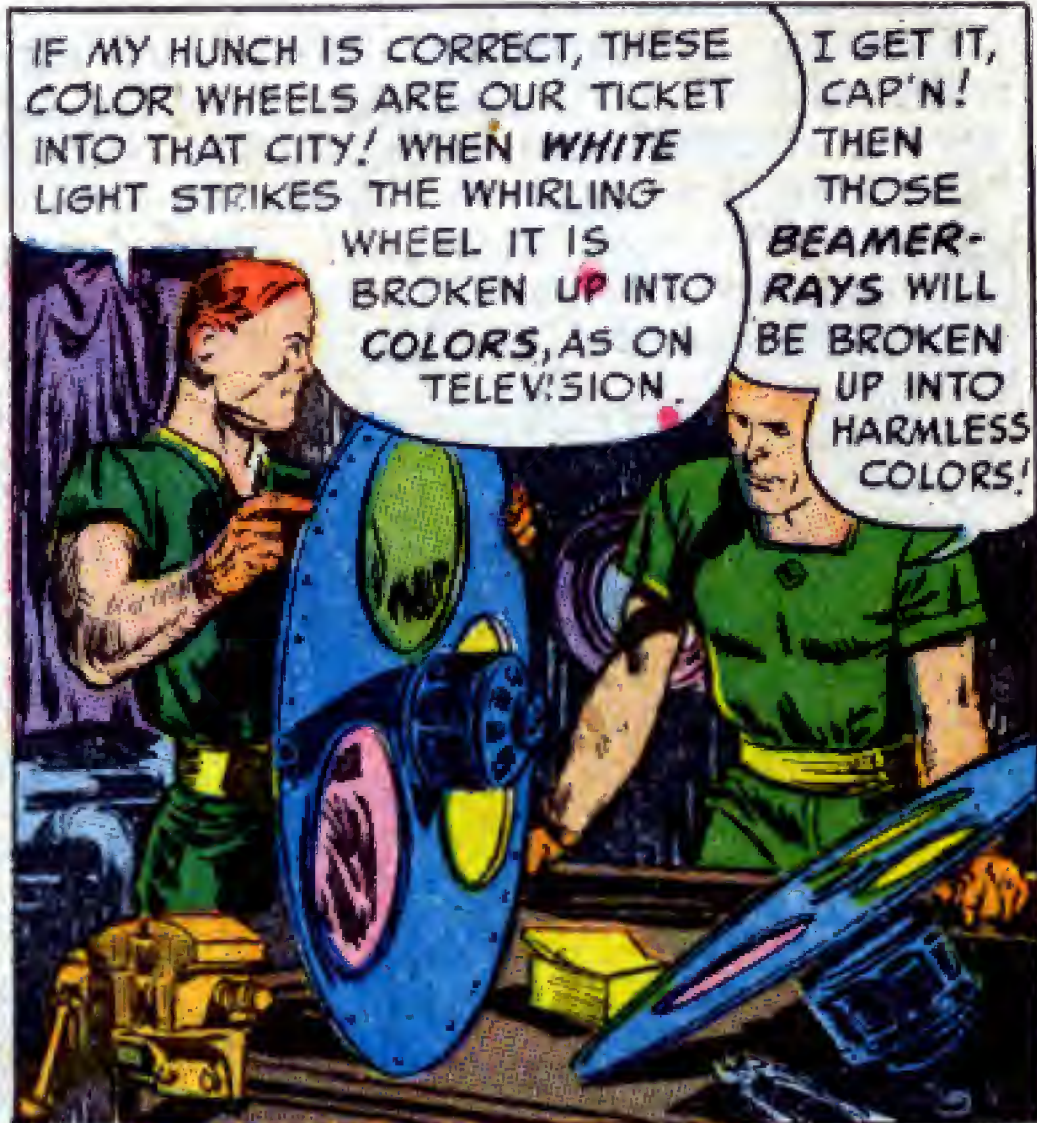
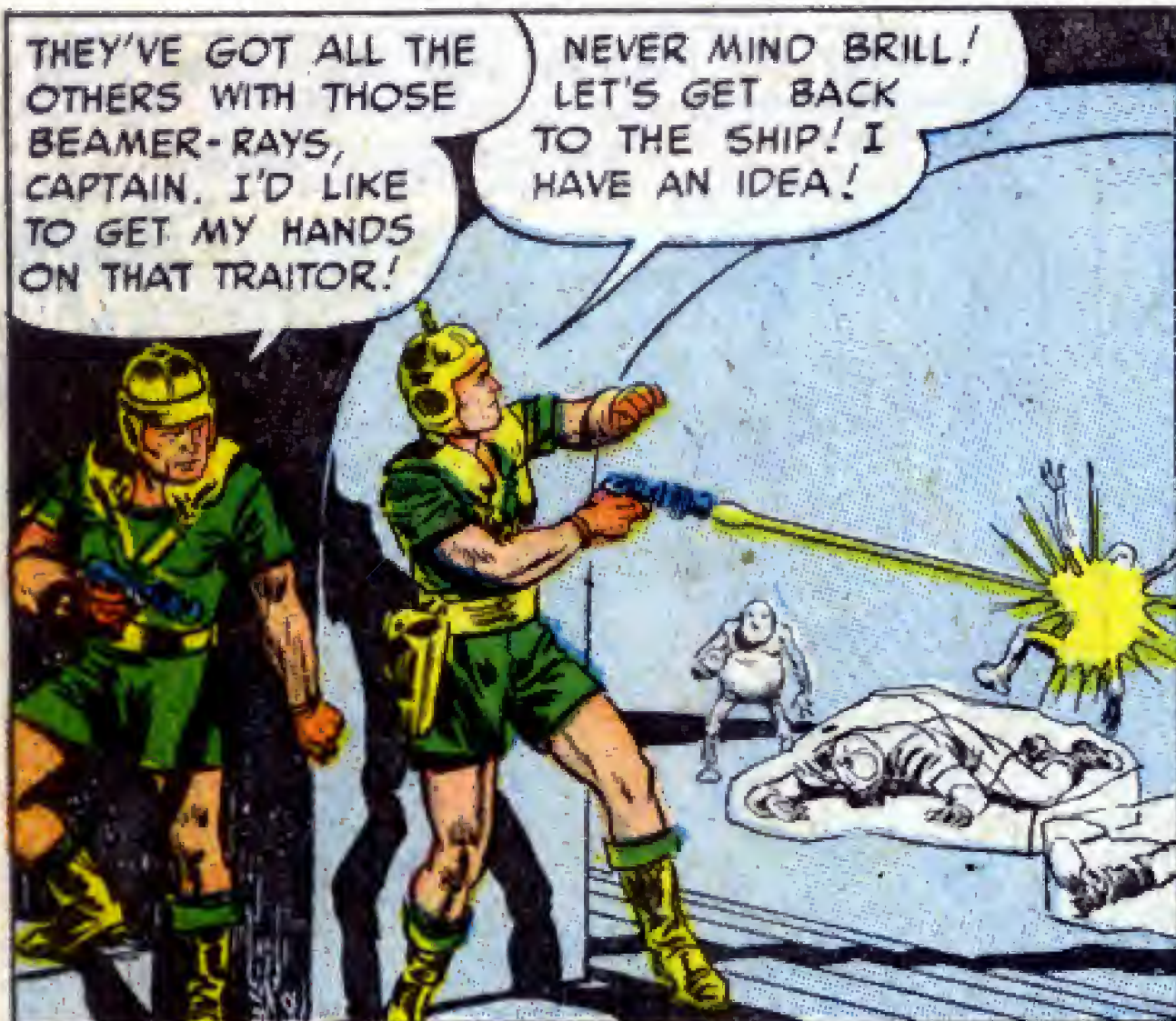
A FEW MOMENTS LATER, INSIDE THE CITY...

OH, MARTIN, HOW BEAUTIFUL! ARNOLD WAS RIGHT! IT'S PURE LIGHT!

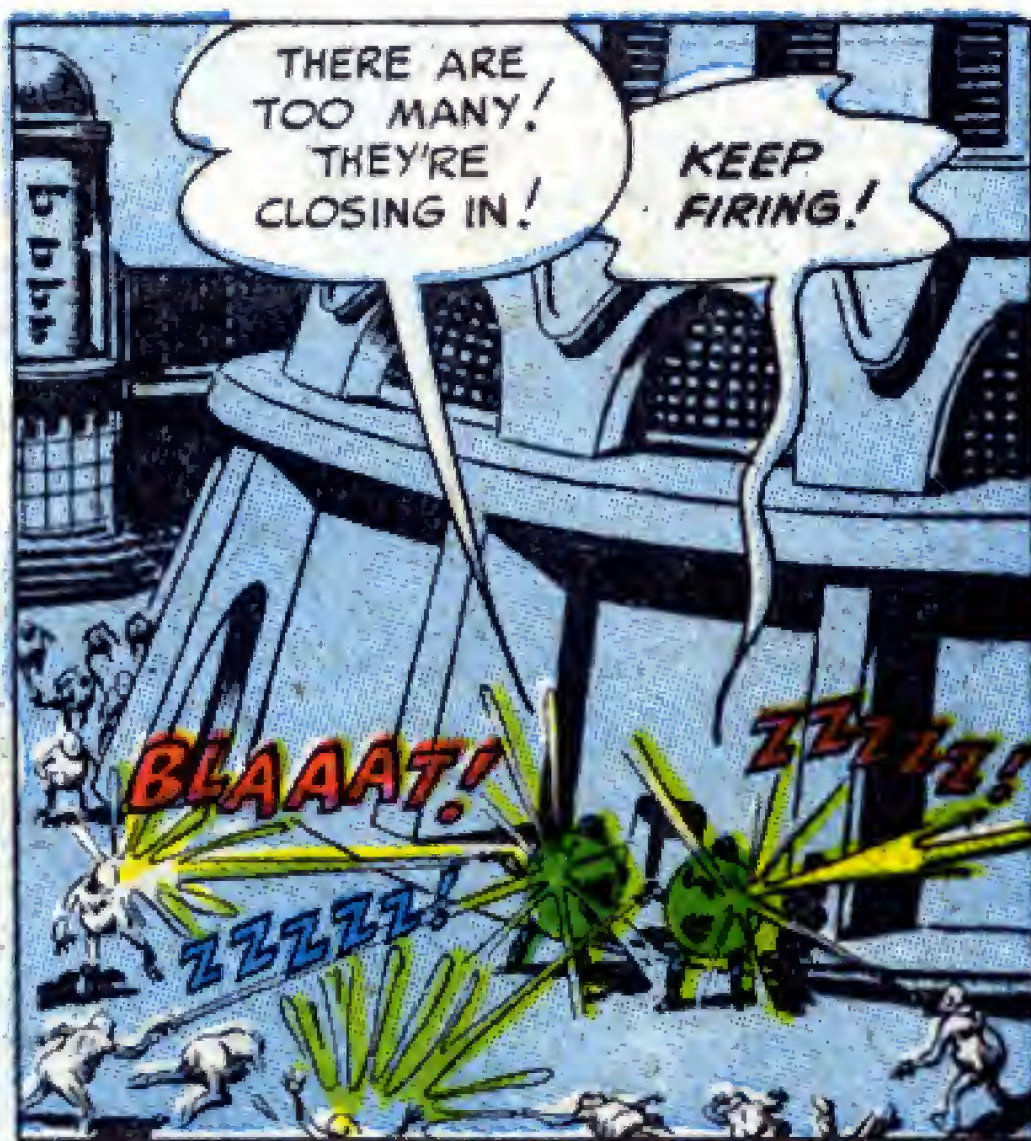
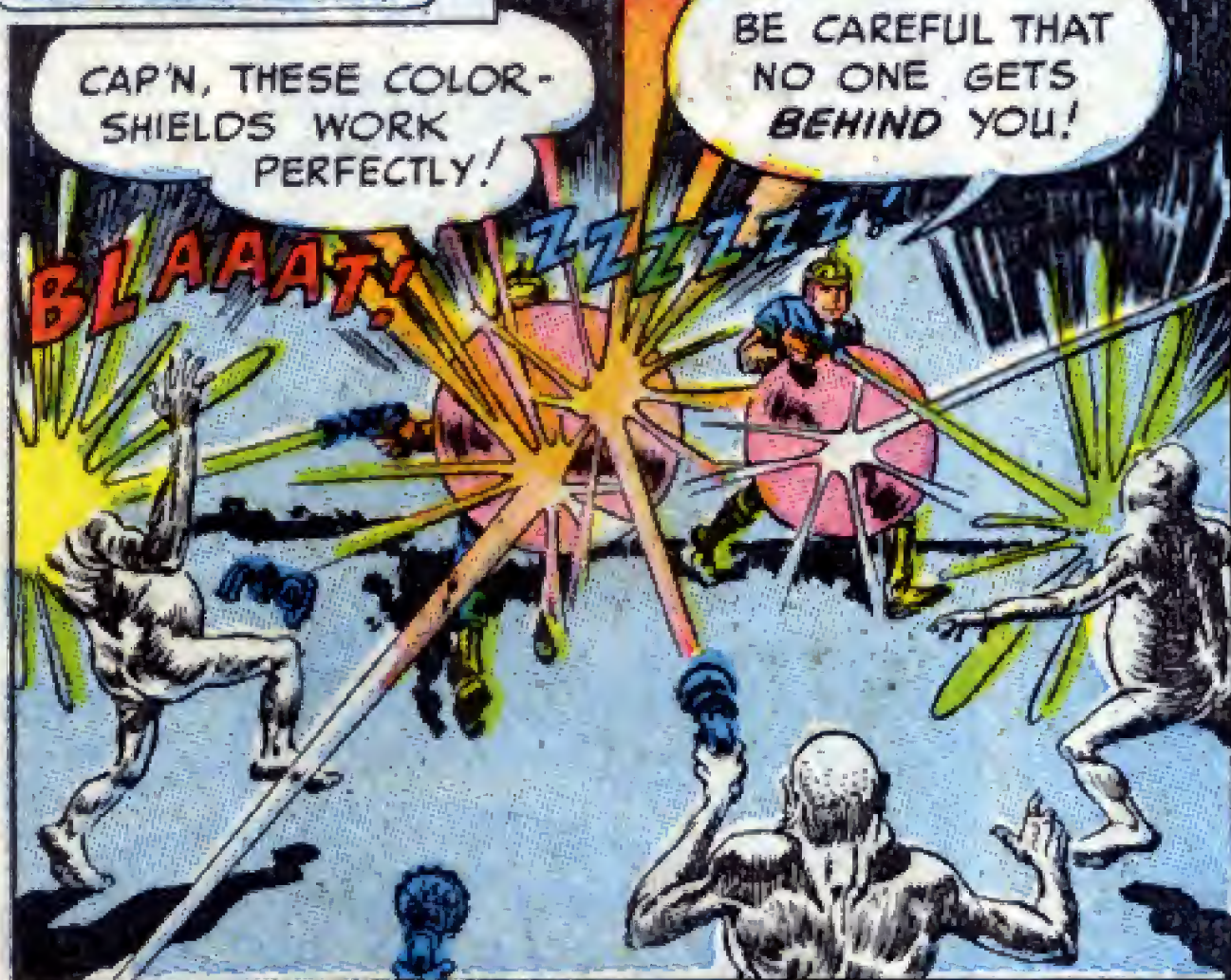
COME ON, CAPTAIN, LET'S GO TO THAT FEAST! I'M STARVED!

REMEMBER DEUTRINO'S PROMISE! KILL THEM AND LET THE GIRL AND ME GO FREE!

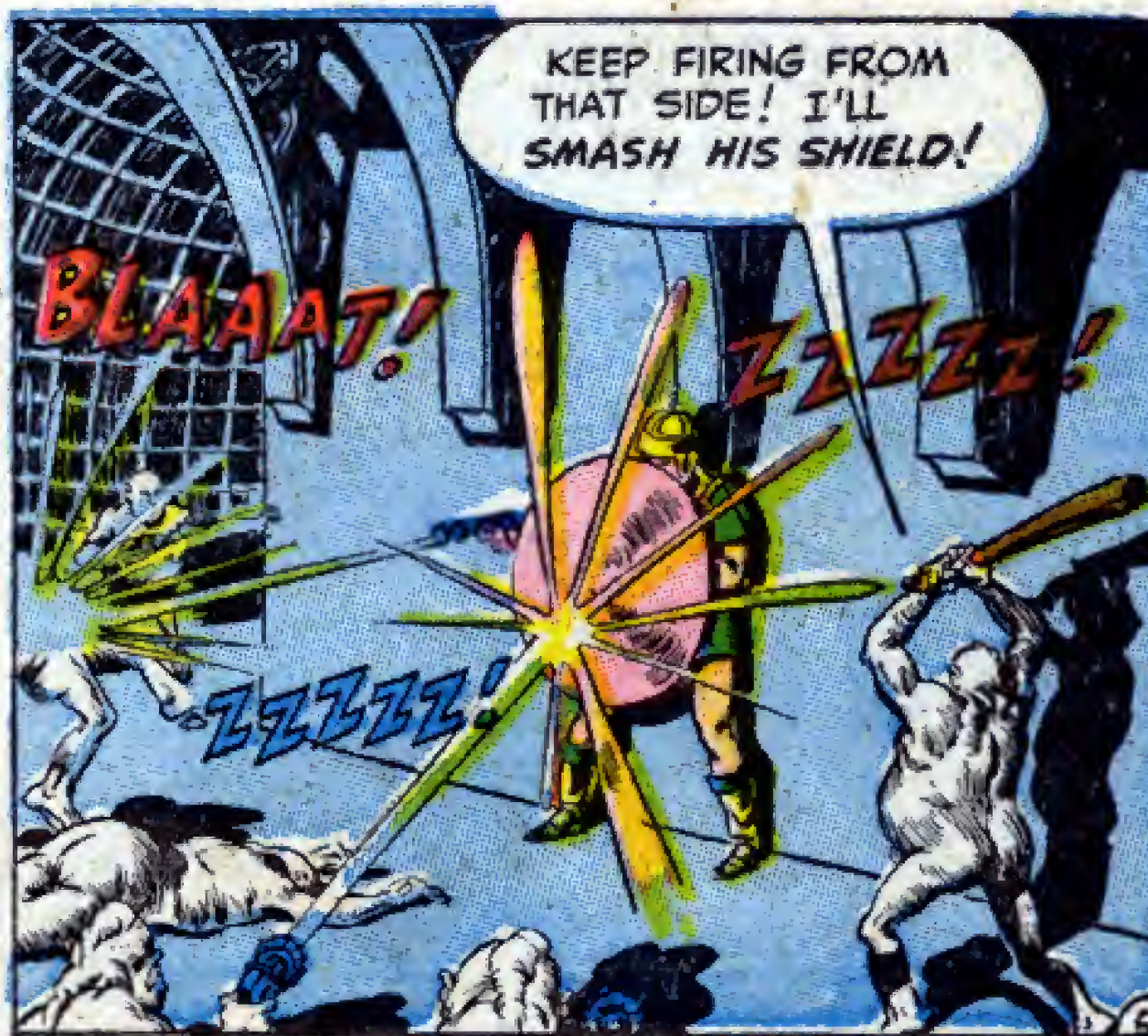
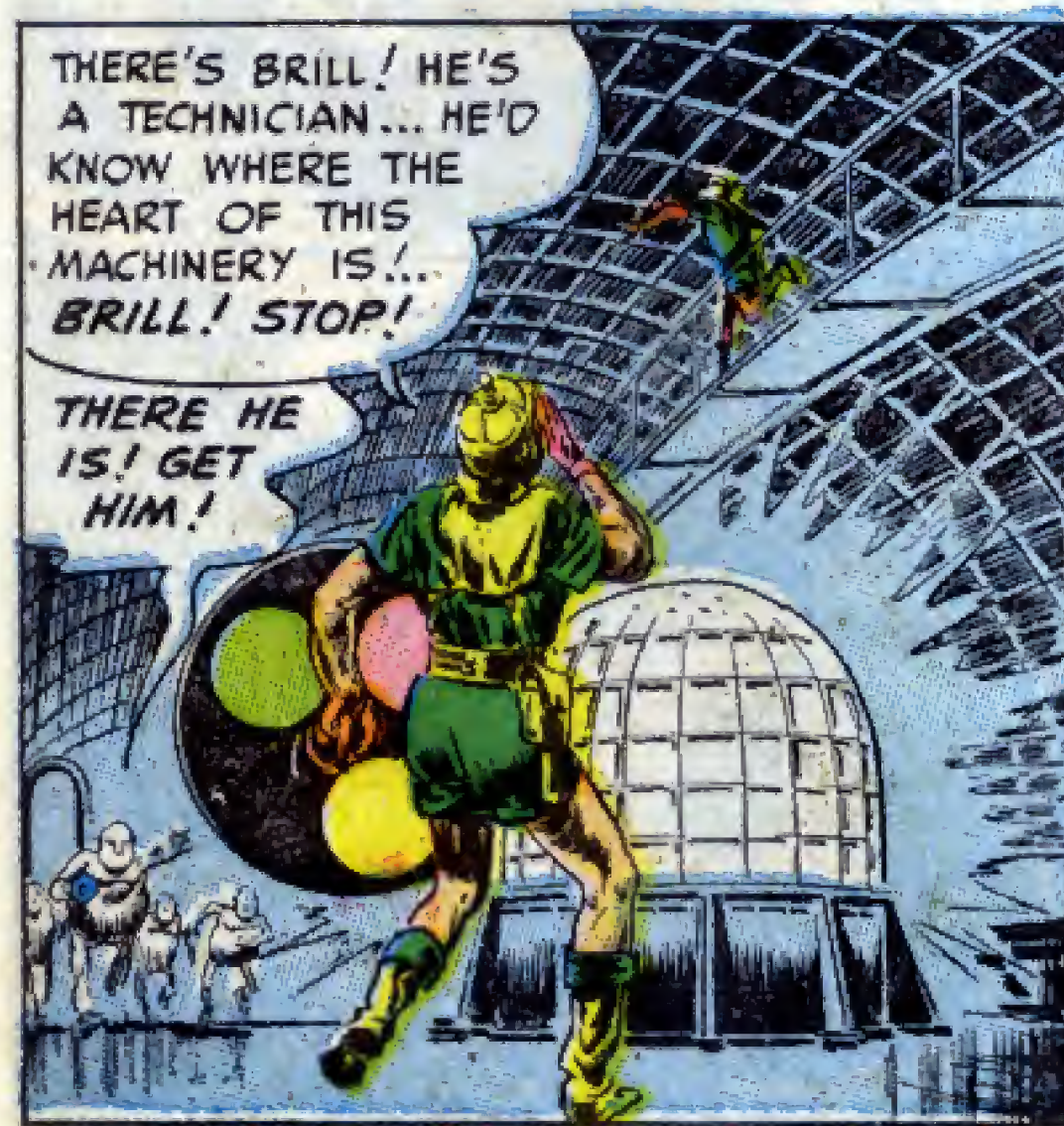
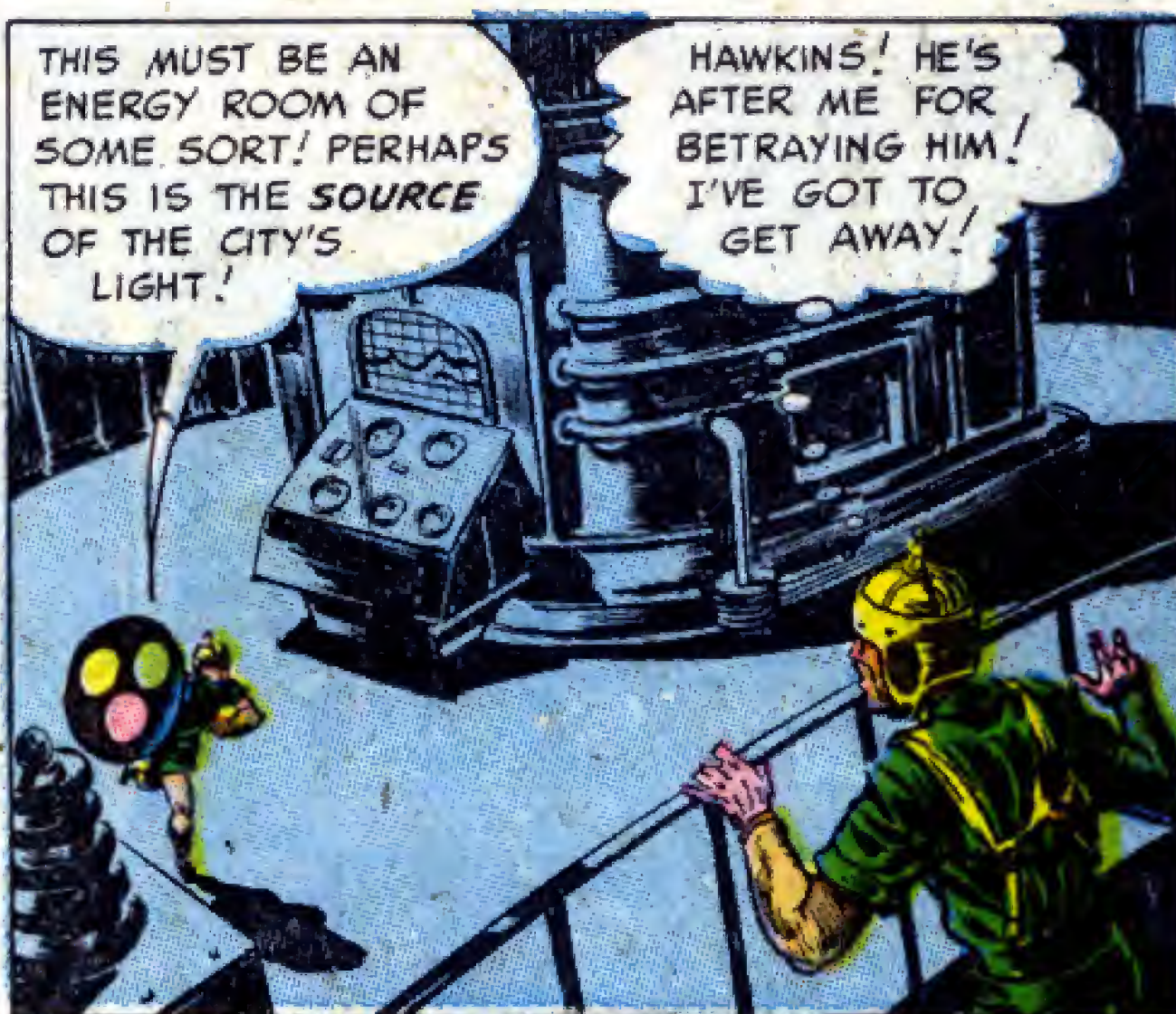
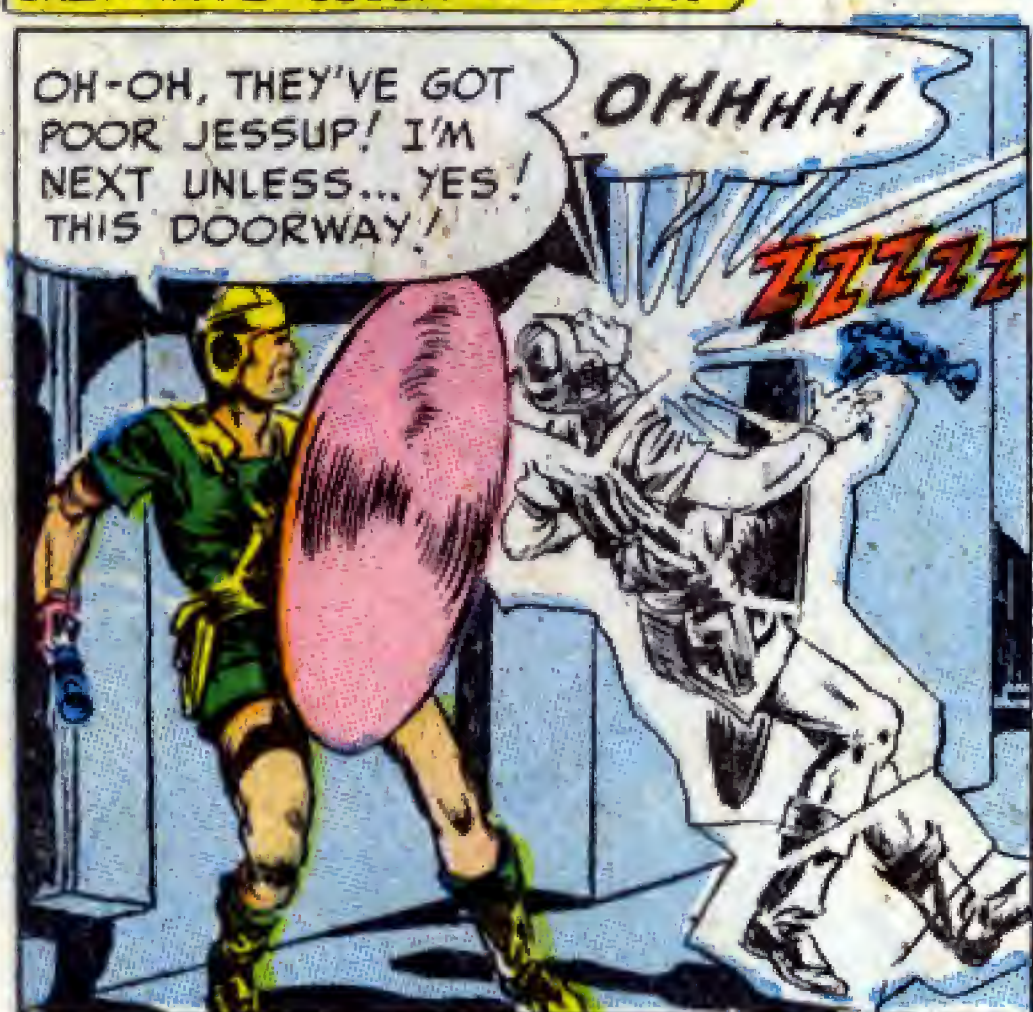


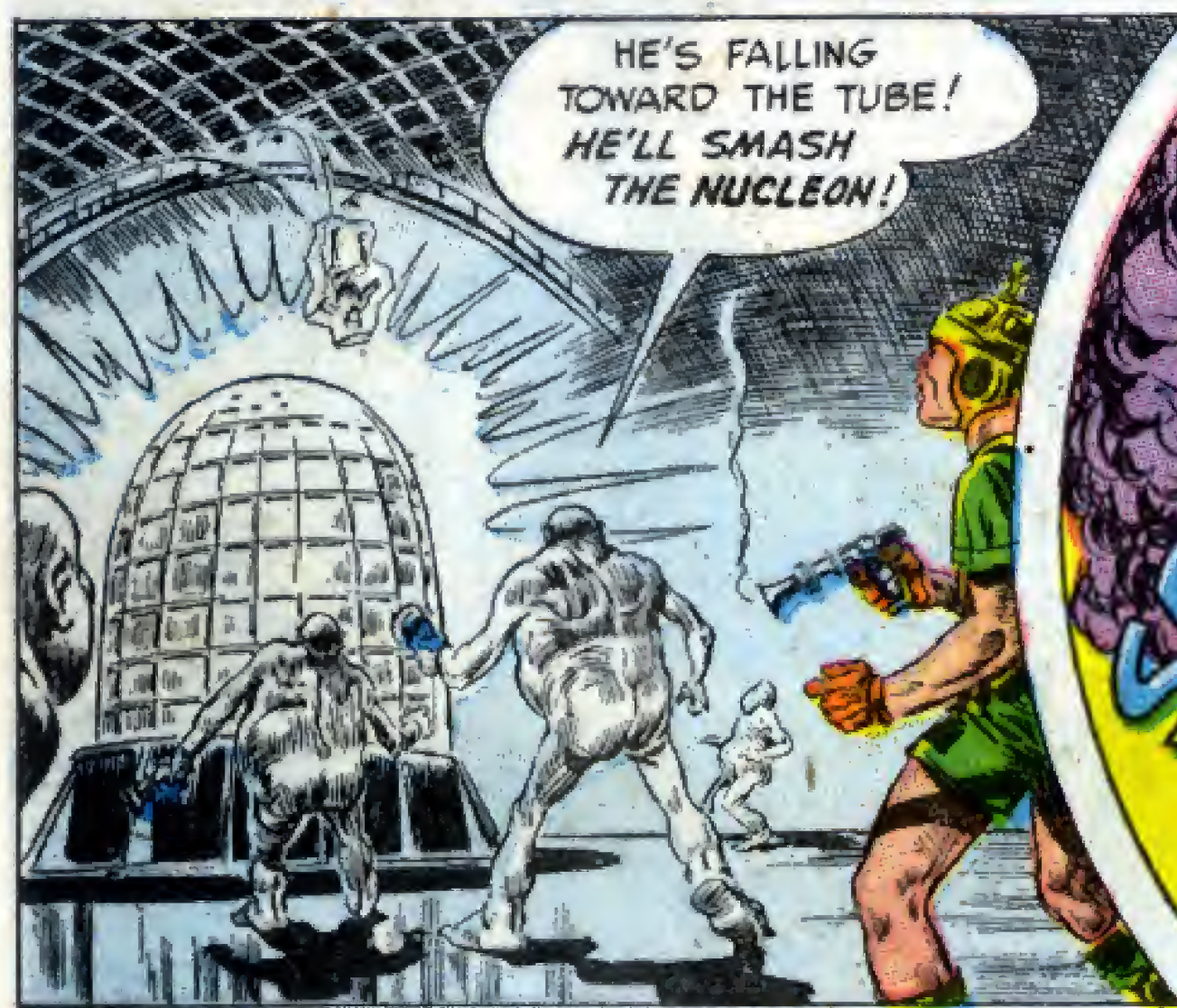


MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN HAWKINS IS BATTLING HIS WAY INTO THE CITY...



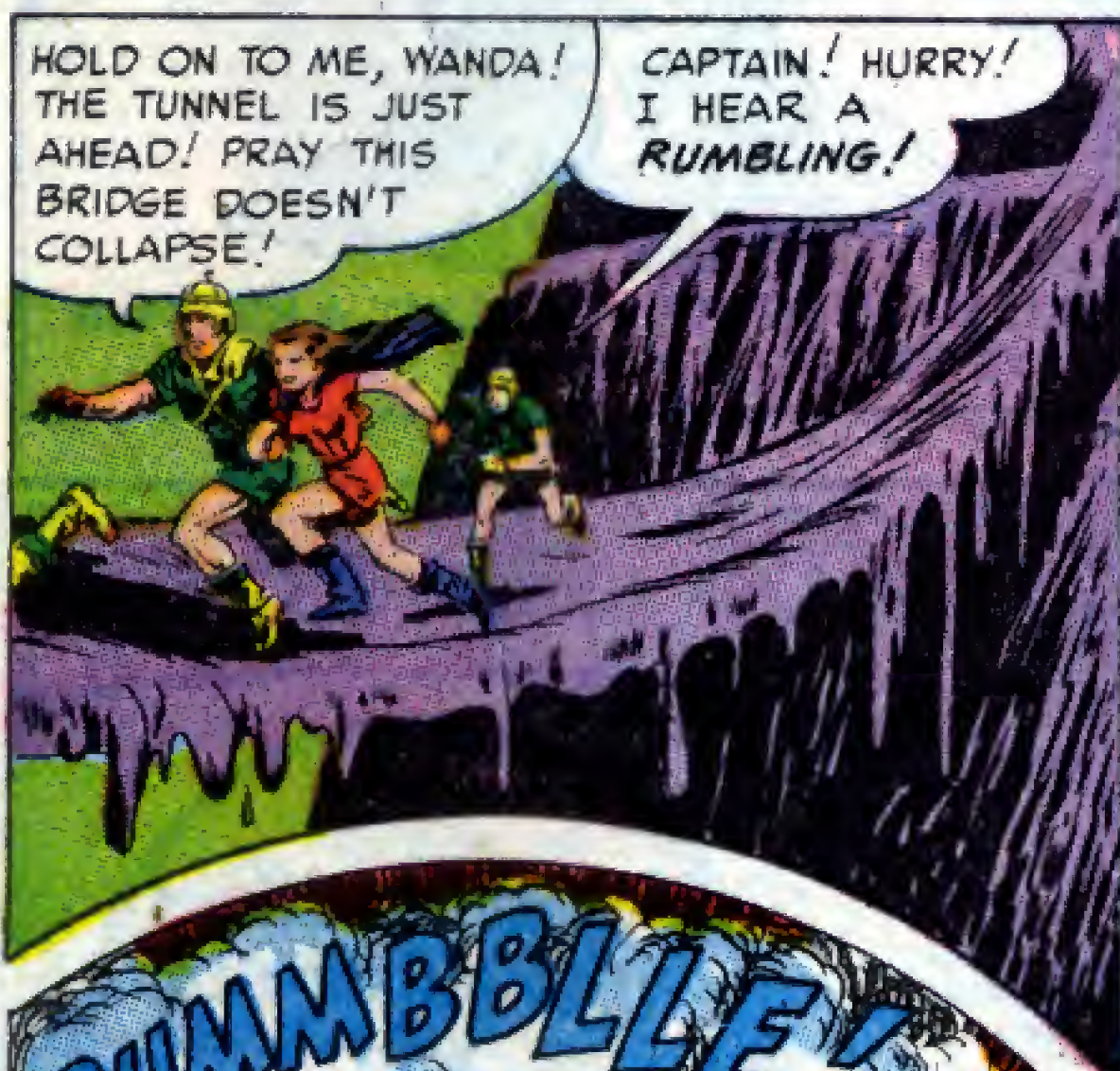
SUDDENLY A BEAMER-RAY ELUDES THE CREWMAN'S COLOR WHEEL...





THE INSTANT THE ENERGY MACHINE BURNS OUT, THE GREAT LIGHTS OF THE CITY FLICKER OUT. THE PHOTON-MEN FALL TO THE FLOOR, WRITHING, THEIR LIFE-GIVING SOURCE OF ENERGY DEAD...



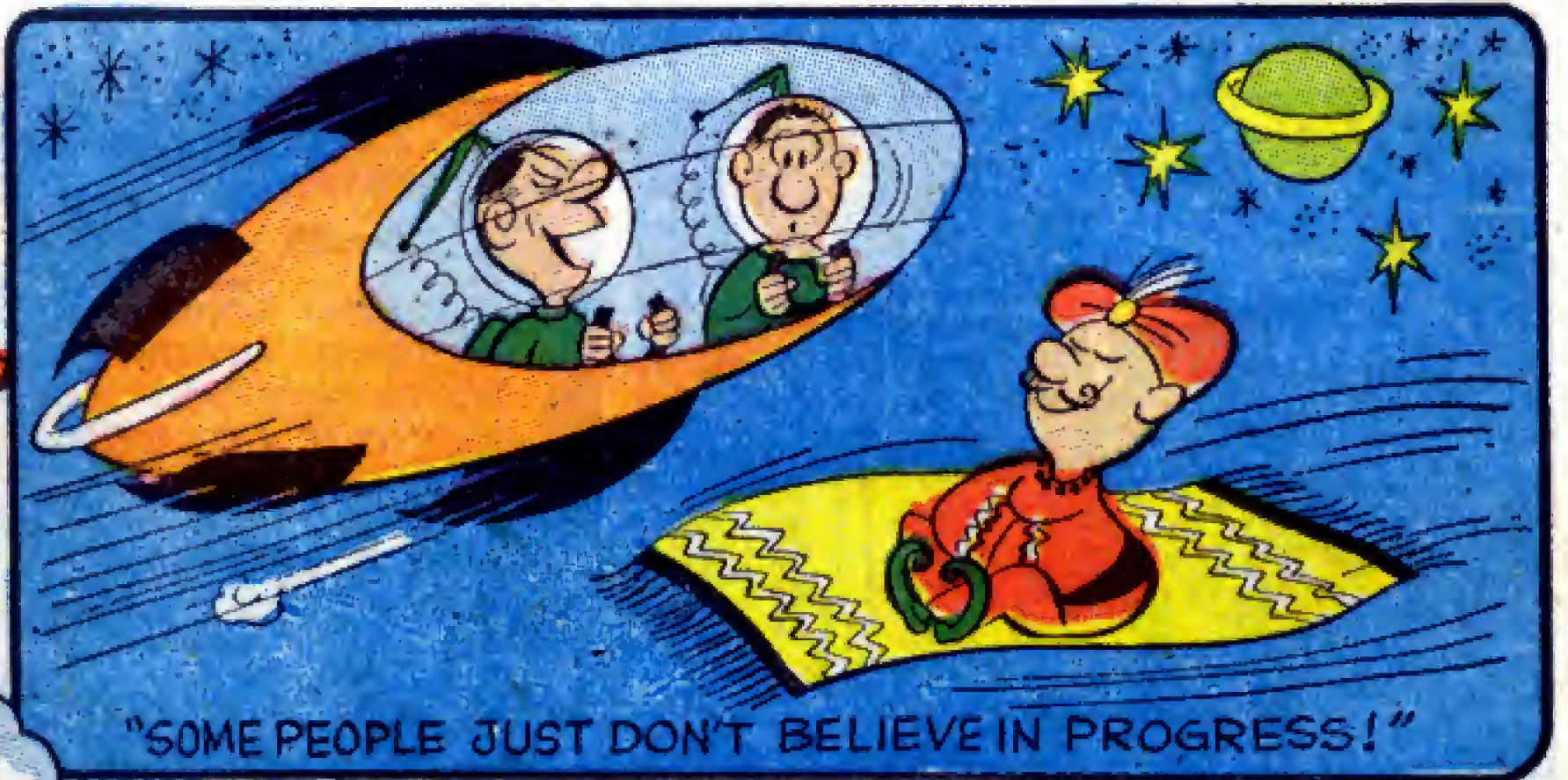


IN A FEW MOMENTS THEY ARE AGAIN ON THE SURFACE. GROLL THROWS A BLAST GRENADE AT THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE, AND...

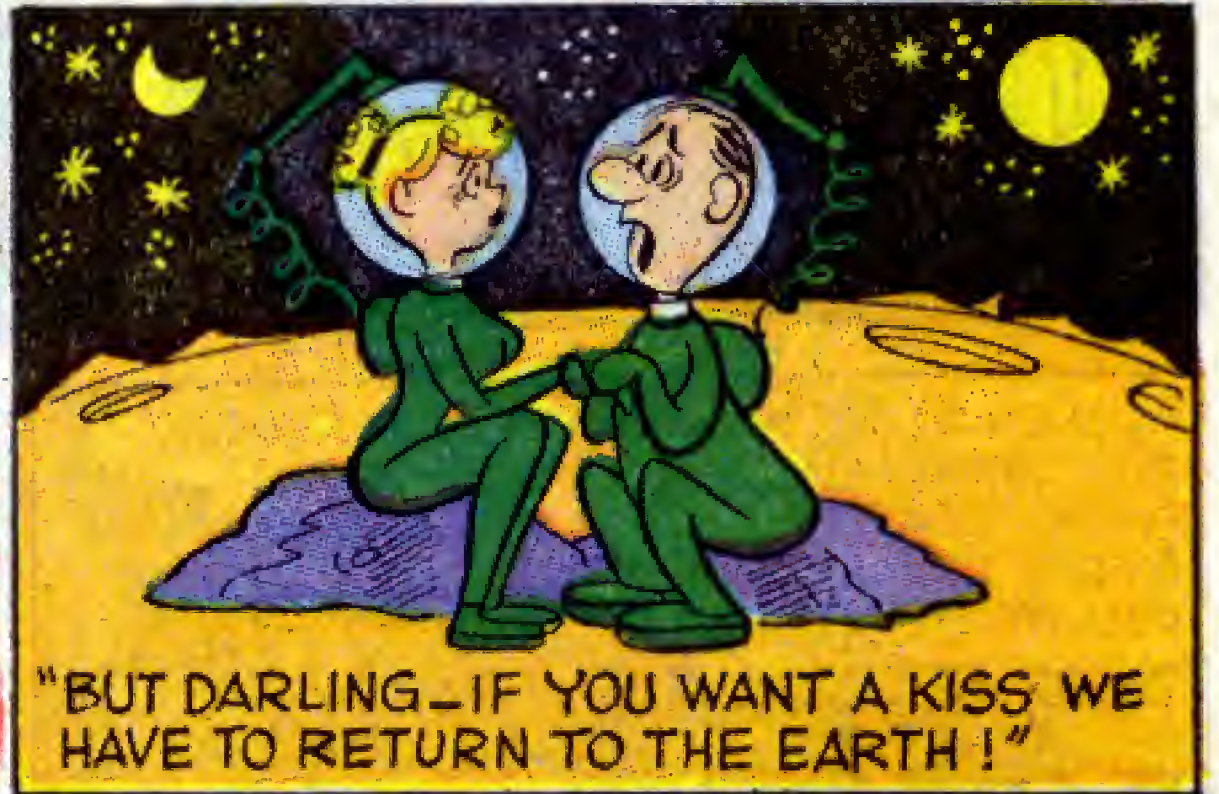


FUN IN THE FUTURE

VIC
MARTIN



"SOME PEOPLE JUST DON'T BELIEVE IN PROGRESS!"



"BUT DARLING—IF YOU WANT A KISS WE HAVE TO RETURN TO THE EARTH!"

INCREDIBLE ADVENTURES IN SPACE WITH THE BOLD—

**CRUSADER
from MARS**

No. 2
(fold issue)

**ON SALE
NOW**

**READ!
SEE!**

Can Martian Science
avert interplanetary
war?

BEACH HEAD ON SATURN'S RING

**PRISON
PLANET!**

A trillion miles from nowhere!

Is there no
escape for
Jon Barrett!

PLUS

NIGHT OF TERROR!

Astronomical Oddities! Cartoons

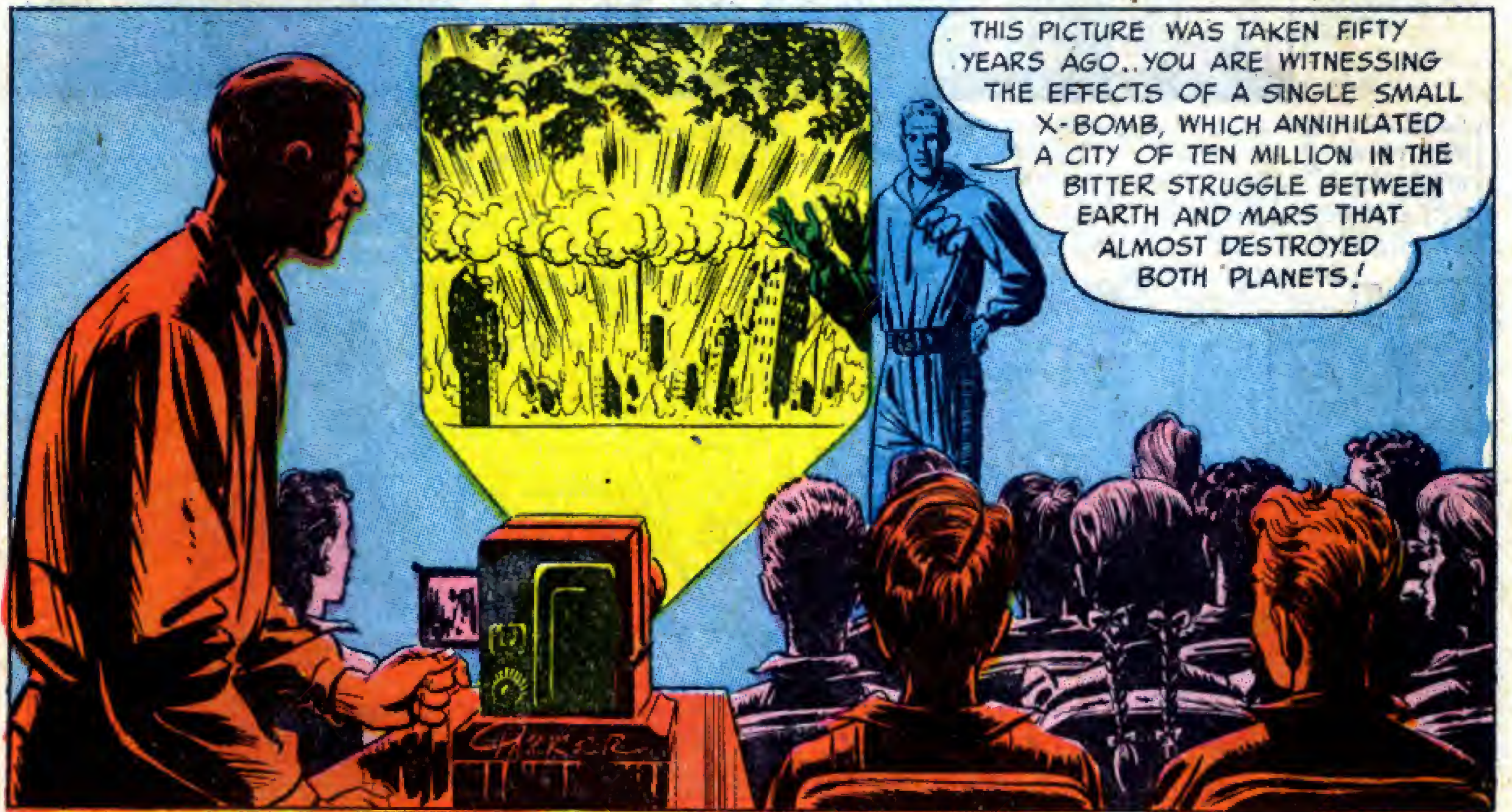
SPACE BUMS in VENUS OR BUST!

METEORS Terrible Missiles From Space!

Other Features

The MAN WHO KILLED A WORLD!

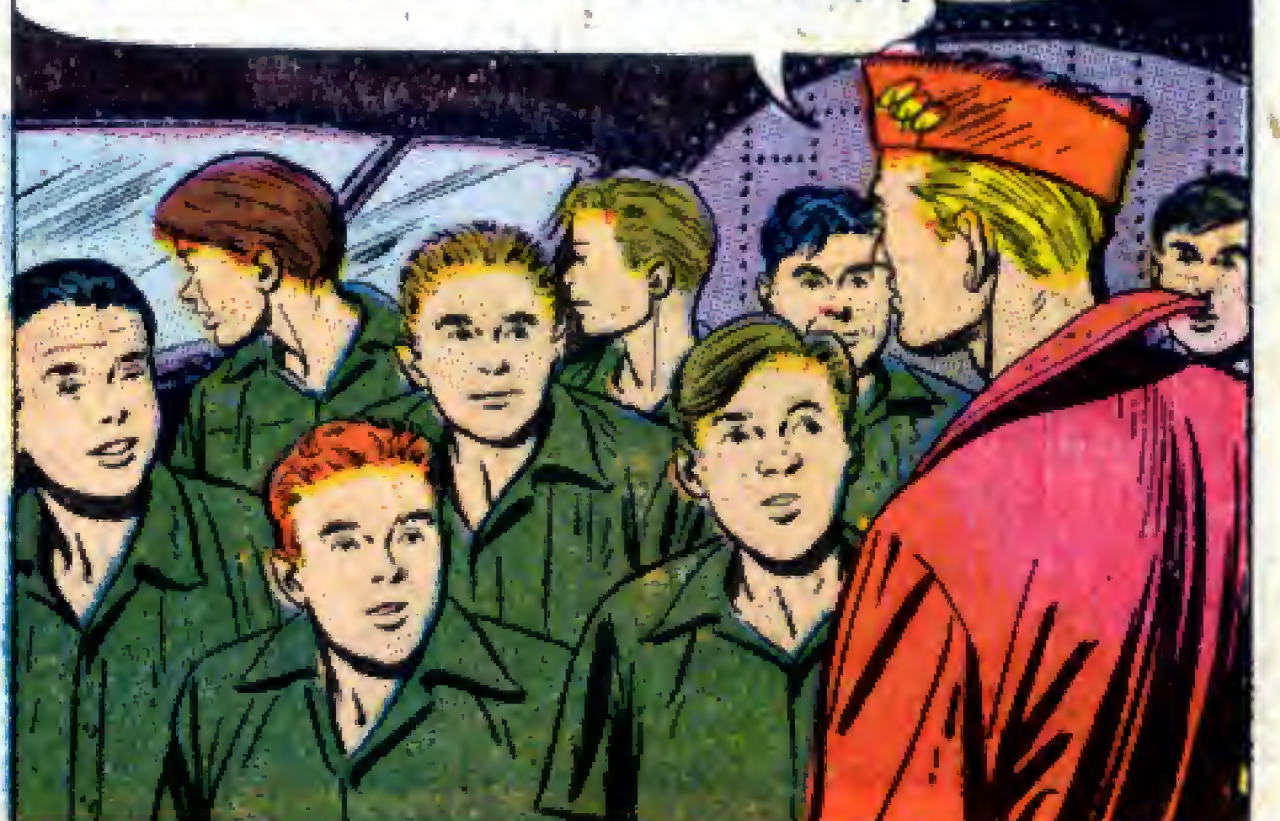
MY NAME IS DON EVANS, OF THE EARTH PEACE PREPARATORY PROJECT... BY THE YEAR 2450, MAN'S INGENUITY HAD MADE WAR IMPOSSIBLE... A SINGLE Z-BOMB, AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THE NOW OBSOLETE X-BOMB, COULD DESTROY A PLANET IN ONE MOMENT OF CATASTROPHE... IT WAS MY JOB TO MAKE SURE THAT OUR YOUNGSTERS, AS SOON AS THEY GREW OLD ENOUGH TO THINK, WOULD GIVE UP ANY IDEAS ABOUT SOLVING PROBLEMS THROUGH WAR... EVERY WEEK I WOULD HOLD CLASS—JUST AS I'M DOING NOW...



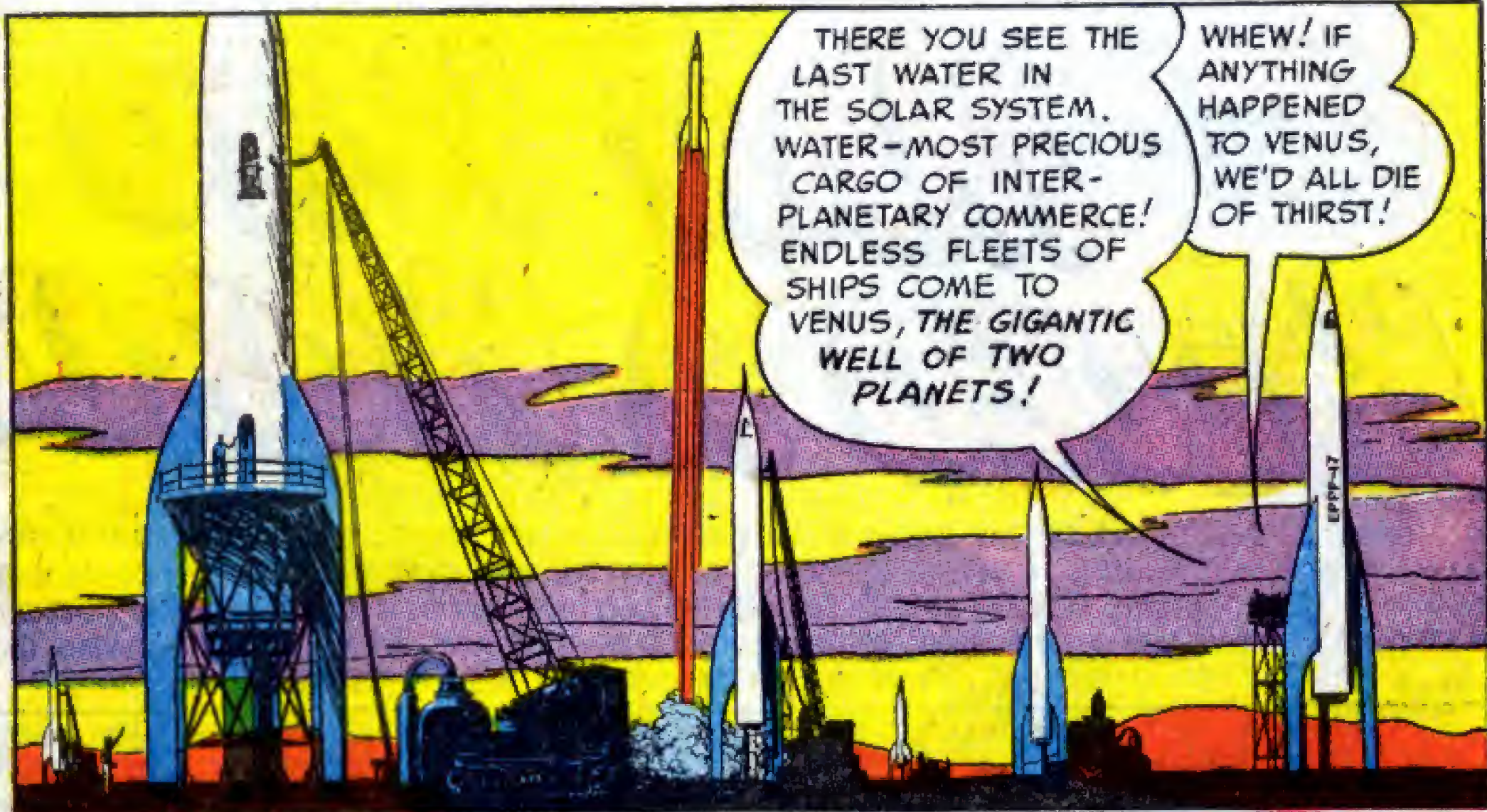
AFTER SHOWING THE YOUNGSTERS SLIDES OF THE EARTH-MARS WAR, I TOOK THEM ON A BRIEF ROCKET TRIP...



MANY MEN HAVE SAILED THE ATLANTIC, BUT NOT ANY MORE! AS YOU KNOW, THE X-BOMBS EVAPORATED EVERY DROP OF WATER ON EARTH AND MARS! AND THE ATMOSPHERE, SATURATED WITH DEADLY CHEMICALS, HAS BEEN UNABLE TO CONDENSE PURE MOISTURE AND PRODUCE RAIN.



THE NEXT STEP IN OUR JOURNEY WAS THE MISTY PLANET OF VENUS, WHERE LIFE STILL SLUMBERED IN DEEP, WATERY POOLS...



THERE YOU SEE THE LAST WATER IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM. WATER—MOST PRECIOUS CARGO OF INTER-PLANETARY COMMERCE! ENDLESS FLEETS OF SHIPS COME TO VENUS, THE GIGANTIC WELL OF TWO PLANETS!

WHEW! IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO VENUS, WE'D ALL DIE OF THIRST!

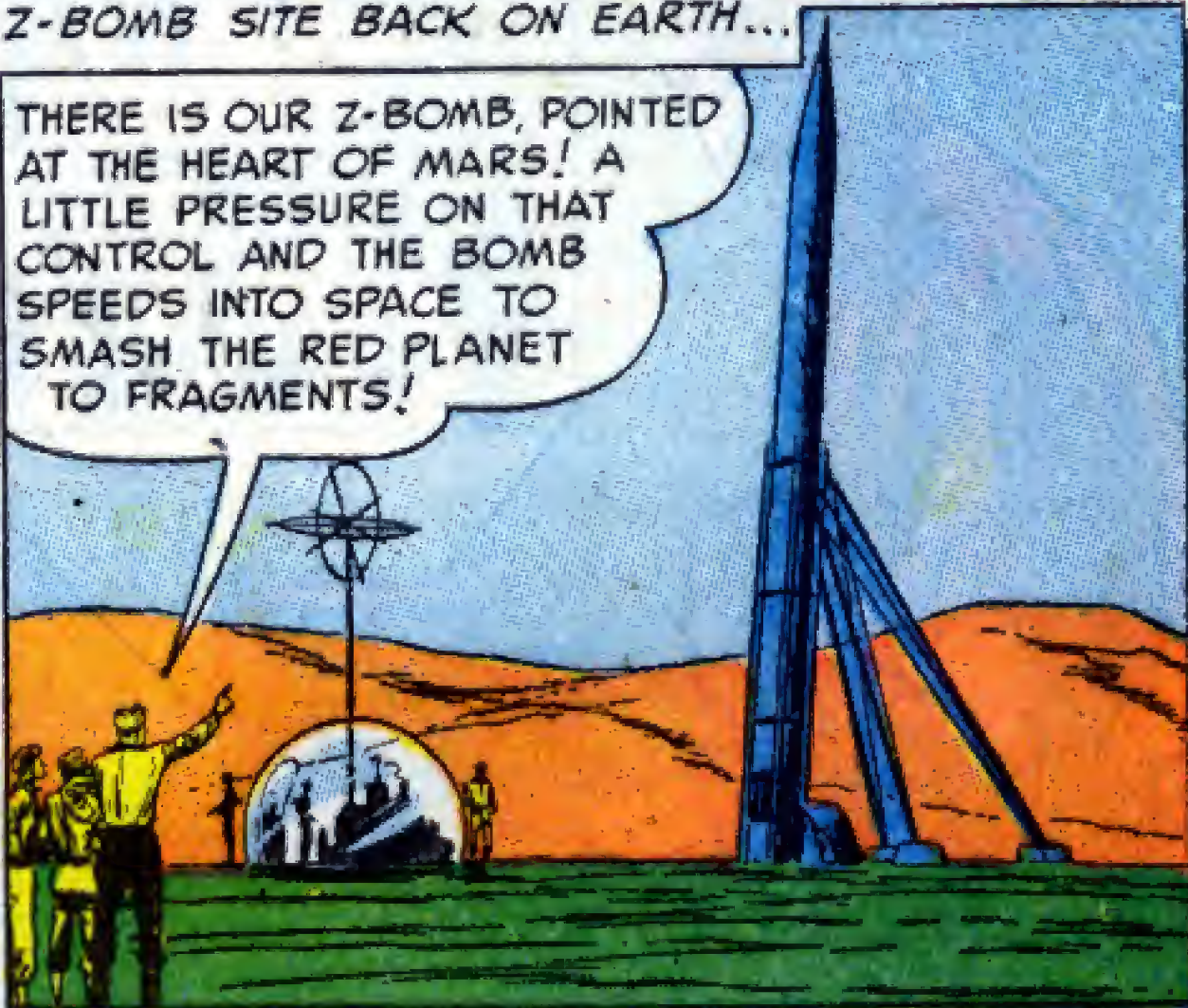
BUT WHAT IF MARS GOT CONTROL OF VENUS?

AW! WE'D BEAT 'EM EASY IF THEY STARTED ANYTHING!

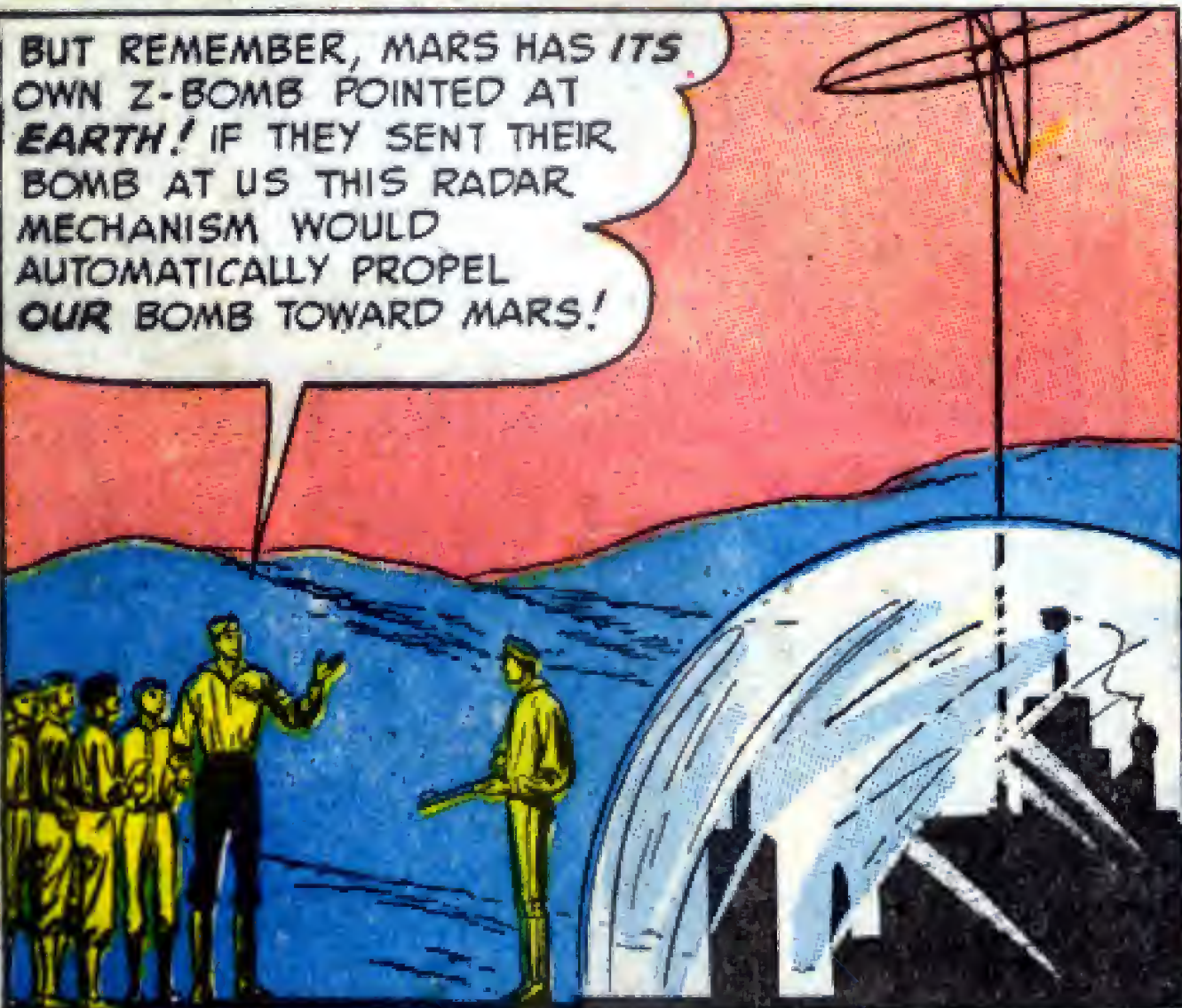
THEY WON'T START ANYTHING—NOR WILL WE! I'LL SHOW YOU WHY RIGHT NOW!

I CONDUCTED MY EAGER YOUNG STUDENTS TO THE Z-BOMB SITE BACK ON EARTH...

THERE IS OUR Z-BOMB, POINTED AT THE HEART OF MARS! A LITTLE PRESSURE ON THAT CONTROL AND THE BOMB SPEEDS INTO SPACE TO SMASH THE RED PLANET TO FRAGMENTS!



BUT REMEMBER, MARS HAS ITS OWN Z-BOMB POINTED AT EARTH! IF THEY SENT THEIR BOMB AT US THIS RADAR MECHANISM WOULD AUTOMATICALLY PROPEL OUR BOMB TOWARD MARS!



THEY HAVE A SIMILAR RADAR MACHINE, AND AS A RESULT, WE HAVE REACHED A STALEMATE—A PERFECT BALANCE OF POWER WHICH MUST RESULT IN PEACE—OR IN MUTUAL DESTRUCTION!



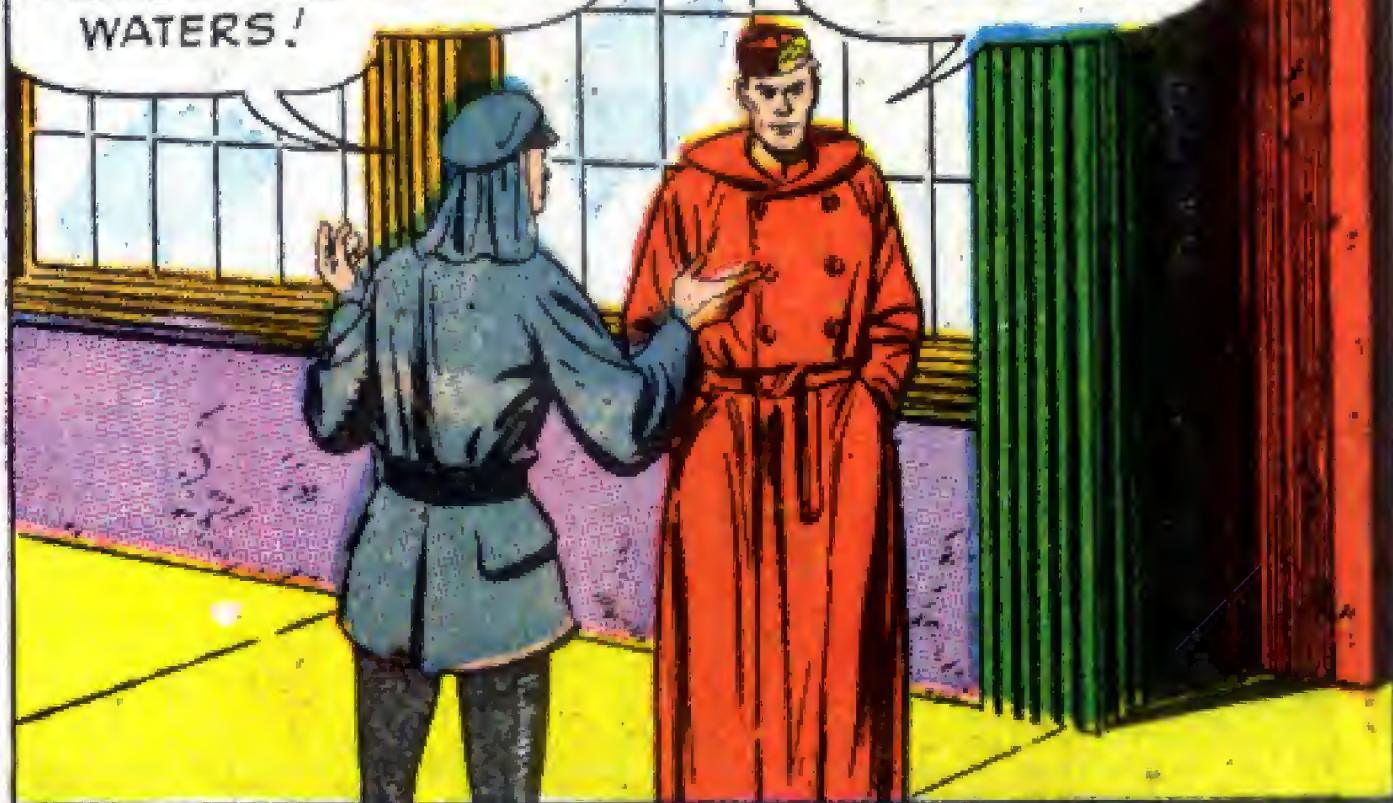
I THOUGHT WAR WAS AN IMPOSSIBILITY—AND SO DID EVERYONE ELSE! HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT THE STRANGEST WAR OF ALL HUMAN HISTORY WAS YET TO BE FOUGHT?



THE FIRST HINT WE HAD OF TROUBLE WAS THE OMINOUS NEWS FROM VENUS!

DID YOU HEAR? COSMIC DUST SETTLED ON VENUS—CONTAMINATED ALMOST ALL ITS WATERS!

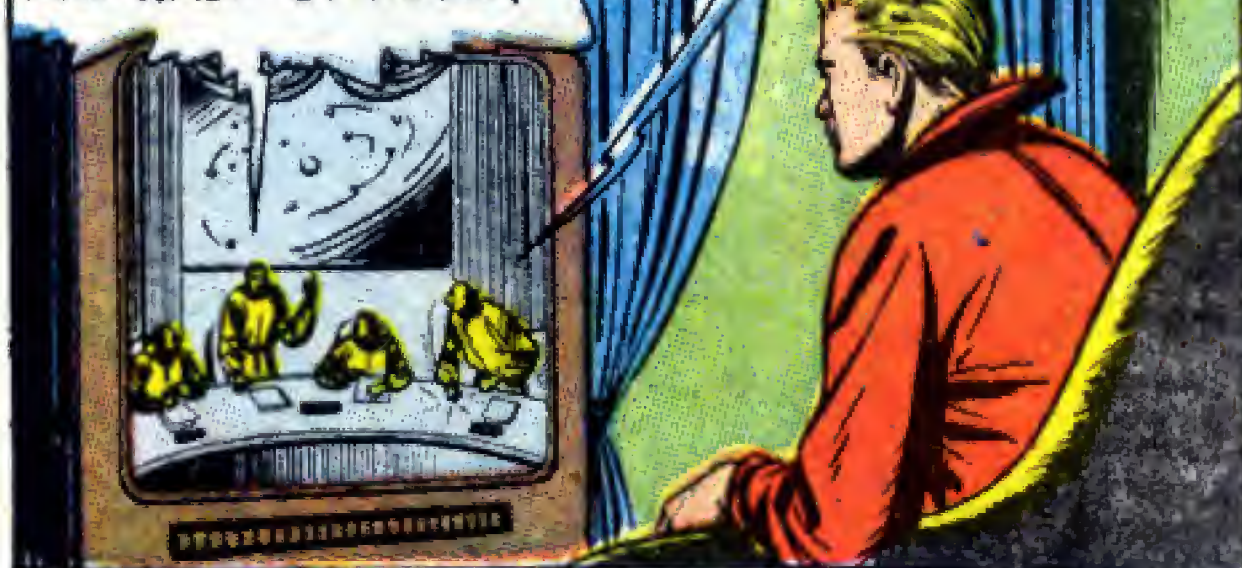
I'VE HEARD! I JUST HOPE THERE'LL BE ENOUGH FOR THE PEOPLE OF MARS AND OURSELVES! THERE HAS TO BE!



THOUSANDS TUNED THEIR TELECEPTOR SETS TO THE HALL OF PEACE, THE JOINT COUNCIL THAT SETTLED ALL EARTH-MARS PROBLEMS!

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE GRAVE NEWS! WITH EVEN THE STRICTEST OF RATIONING, THERE WILL BE ENOUGH WATER FOR ONLY HALF THE PEOPLE OF EARTH AND HALF OF MARS.

I WILL NOT LET HALF THE PEOPLE OF MY PLANET DIE FOR LACK OF WATER!



DO YOU THINK I WANT HALF OF MY PEOPLE TO DIE, SVLENK? WOULD I MAKE SUCH A PROPOSAL IF THERE WERE ANY OTHER SOLUTION?

THERE IS ANOTHER SOLUTION! WAR! THERE IS ENOUGH WATER FOR ONE PLANET! THE VICTOR WILL HAVE IT ALL, THE WEAKER WILL PERISH!



BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WAR WOULD MEAN TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF BOTH EARTH AND MARS!

NOT NECESSARILY! I HAVE BEEN STUDYING THE HISTORY OF EARTH AND HAVE READ HOW MANY THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO, QUESTIONS WERE SETTLED BETWEEN TWO CHAMPIONS! LET AN EARTHMAN FIGHT A MARTIAN TO SEE WHICH RACE SURVIVES!



EVEN IF I AGREED TO YOUR PROPOSAL—I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD GUARANTEE IN ADVANCE THAT EVERY MARTIAN WOULD POLITELY COMMIT SUICIDE IF OUR CHAMPION WON?

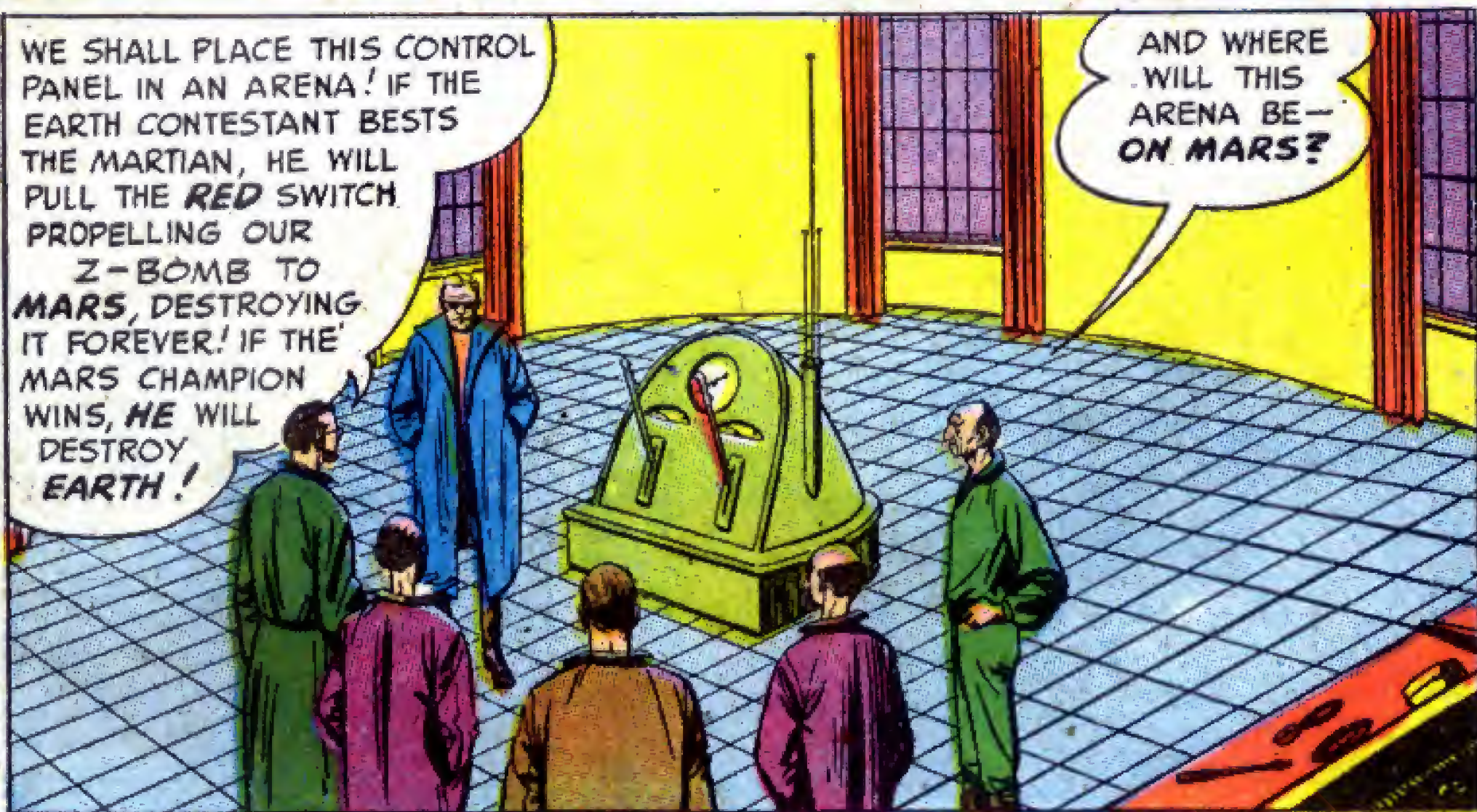
IF YOU AGREE TO MY PROPOSAL, WE CAN FIND A WAY TO MAKE THE LOSER PAY!



AFTER LENGTHY CONFERENCES, EARTH PRESIDENT HENTON SPOKE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD...



THE RESPONSE WAS THE SAME ALL OVER THE WORLD... AND THE SCIENTISTS OF BOTH PLANETS MET TO DECIDE ON A METHOD OF COMBAT WHICH WOULD RESULT IN THE DESTRUCTION OF ONE WORLD! FINALLY...



NO! THERE ARE A THOUSAND TRICKS YOU COULD USE ON MARS THAT WE WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO DESTROY!

AND BY THE SAME TOKEN, I DON'T WANT THE ARENA ON EARTH! LET US ERECT A MINIATURE PLANET AND THE TWO CHAMPIONS CAN FIGHT IT OUT MILLIONS OF MILES FROM ANY INTERFERENCE BY EITHER OF US!



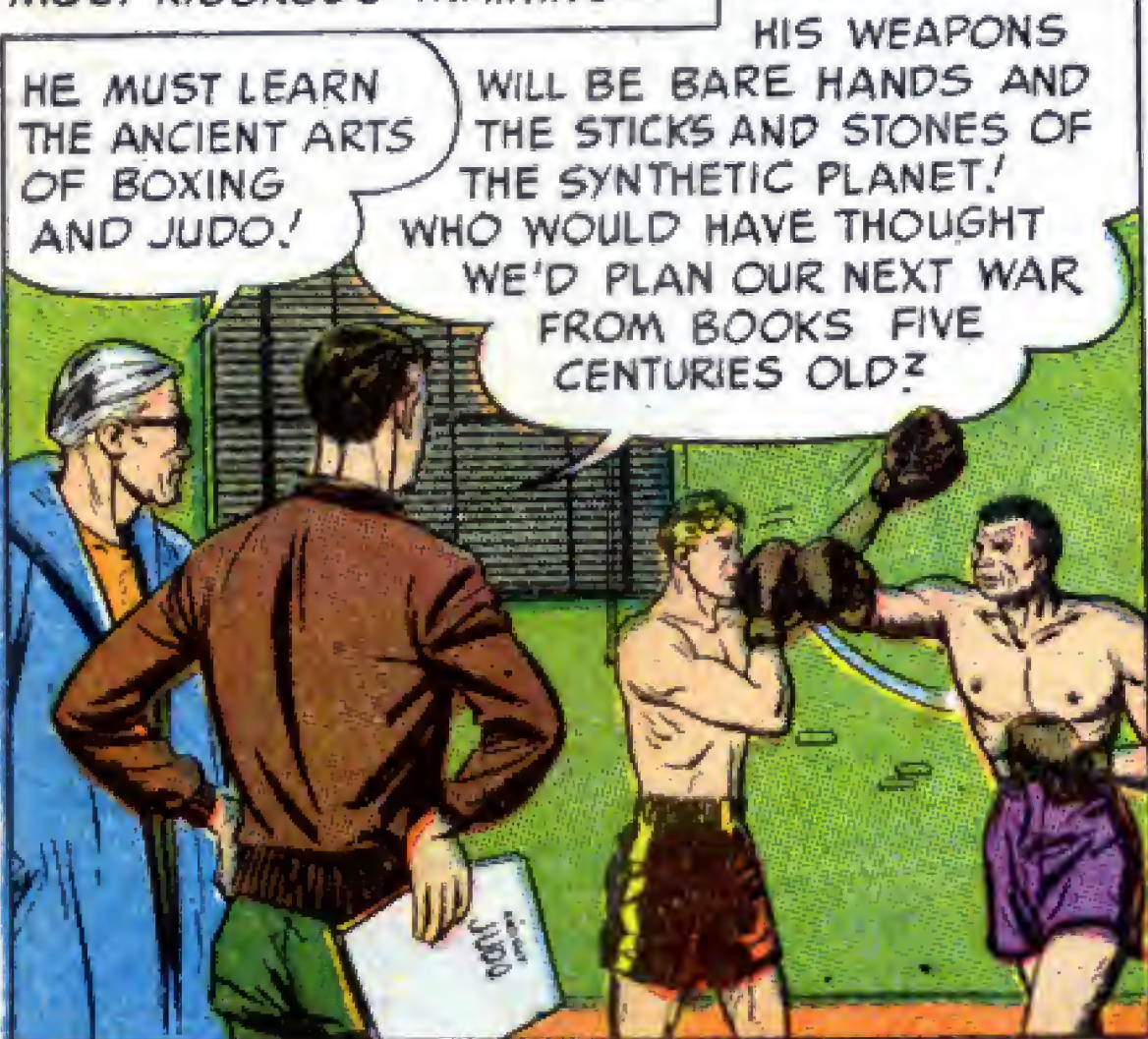
SVLENK'S PROPOSAL WAS ACCEPTED... EACH EARTHMAN WAS SUBJECTED TO A BATTERY OF TESTS TO SELECT THE MARTIAN'S OPPONENT! IT WAS A LONG DRAWN-OUT PROCESS, BUT FINALLY...

DON EVANS, PHYSICAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL TESTS HAVE PROVEN THAT IN YOU ARE COMBINED THE ELEMENTS OF STRENGTH, STAMINA, RESOURCEFULNESS AND CHARACTER THAT OUR CHAMPION NEEDS! THE FATE OF EARTH RESTS IN YOUR HANDS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, SIR!



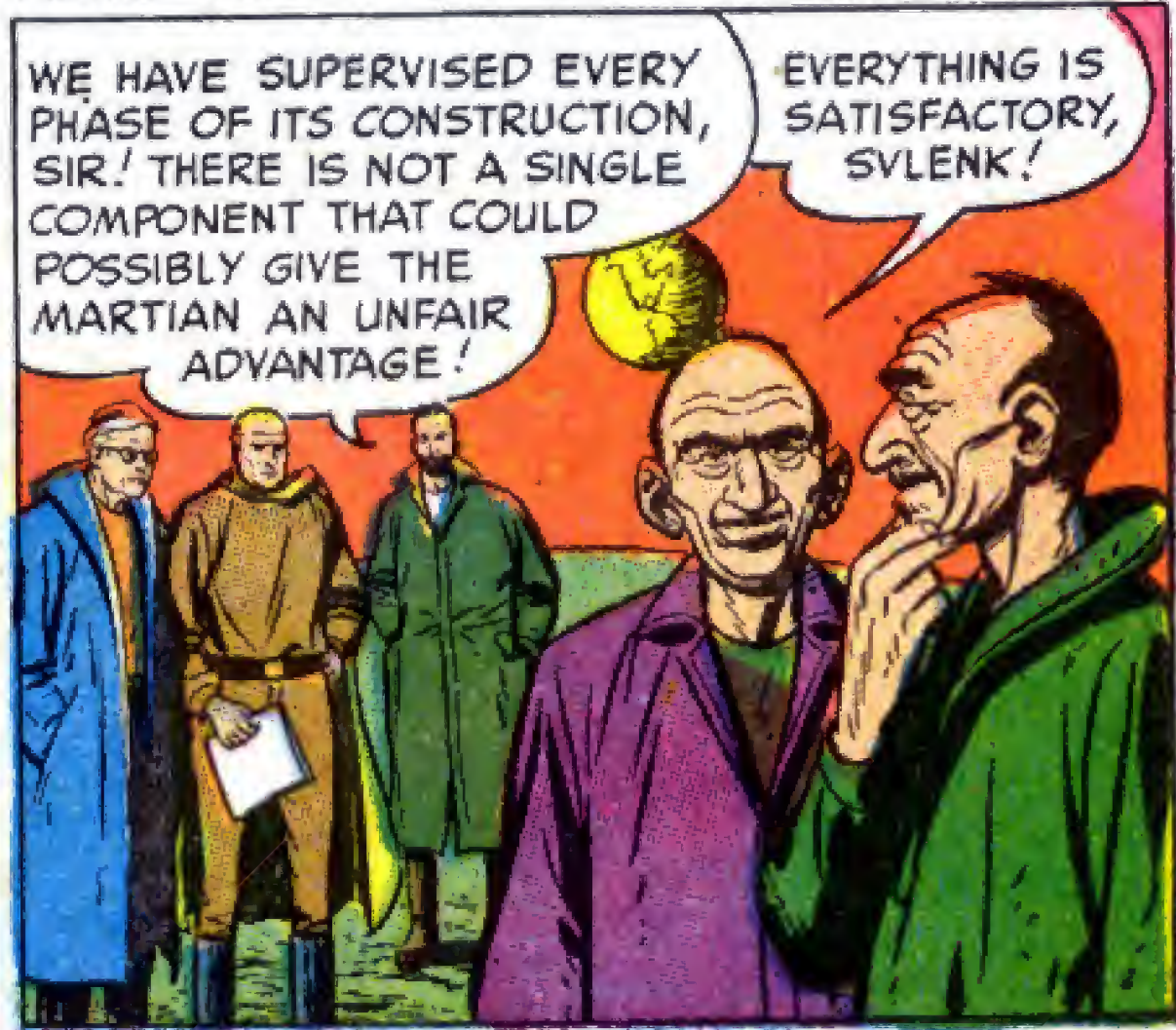
IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, I WAS GIVEN THE MOST RIGOROUS TRAINING...



HE MUST LEARN THE ANCIENT ARTS OF BOXING AND JUDO!

HIS WEAPONS WILL BE BARE HANDS AND THE STICKS AND STONES OF THE SYNTHETIC PLANET! WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT WE'D PLAN OUR NEXT WAR FROM BOOKS FIVE CENTURIES OLD?

AT THE SAME TIME, WORK ON THE ARTIFICIAL PLANET CONTINUED, UNTIL...



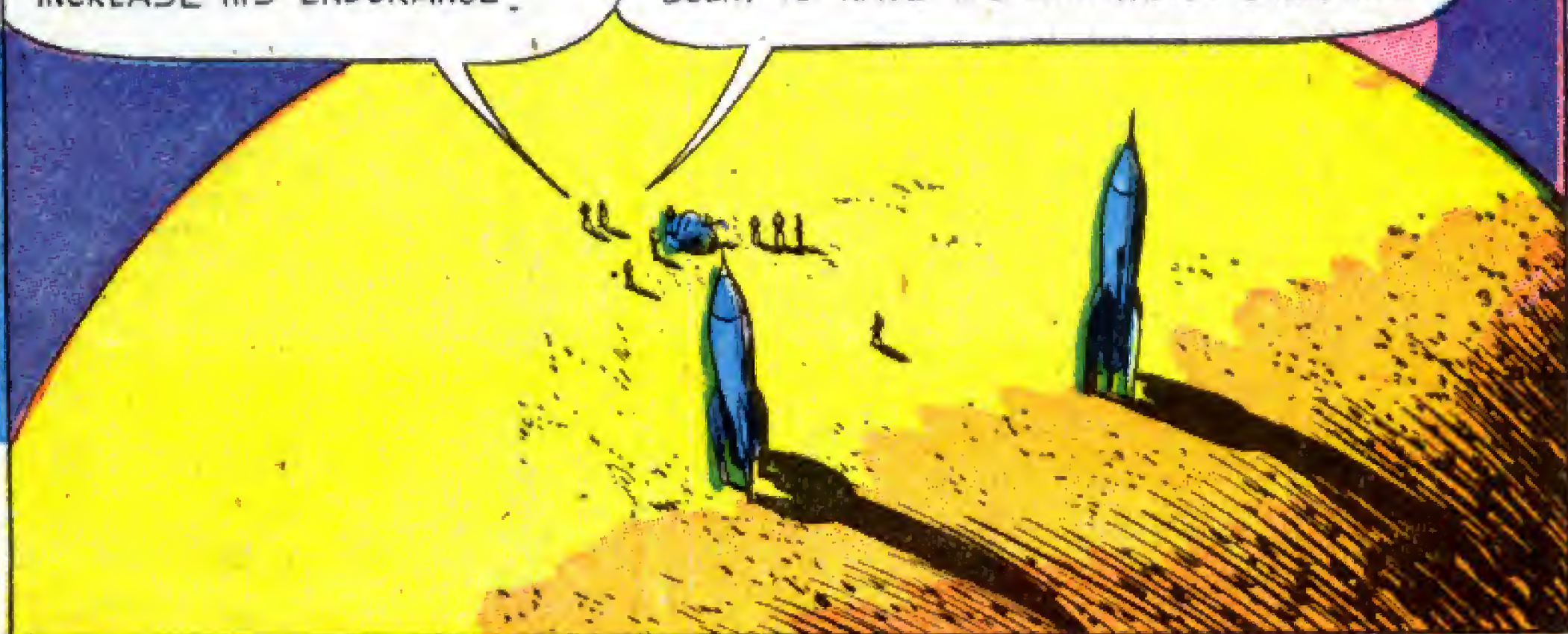
WE HAVE SUPERVISED EVERY PHASE OF ITS CONSTRUCTION, SIR! THERE IS NOT A SINGLE COMPONENT THAT COULD POSSIBLY GIVE THE MARTIAN AN UNFAIR ADVANTAGE!

EVERYTHING IS SATISFACTORY, SVLENK!

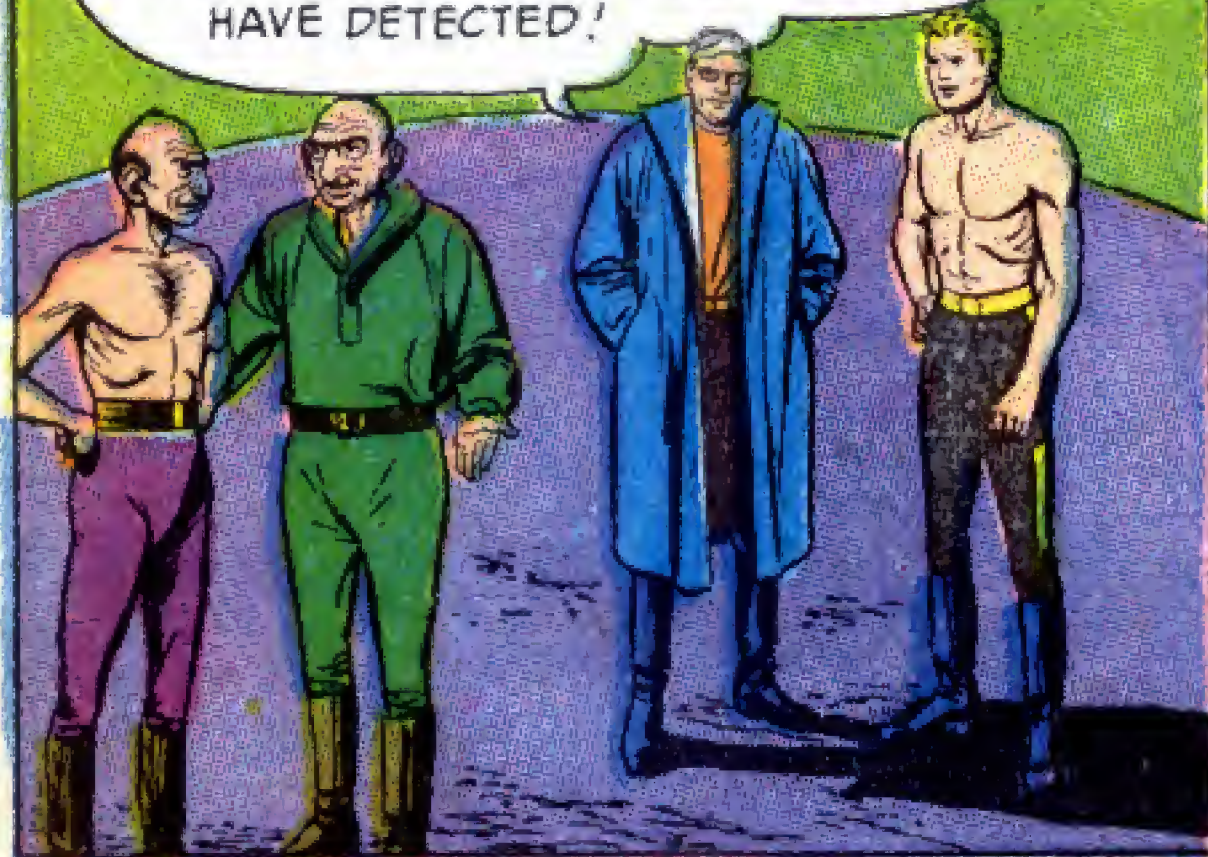
I WAS TAKEN TO THE PLANET, MOORED IN FAR OFF SPACE, AND I WATCHED AS THE DEADLY CONTROL PANEL WAS INSTALLED...

I HAVEN'T SEEN MY OPPONENT, YET, SIR! HAS HE BEEN EXAMINED? NO CONCEALED WEAPONS? NO CHEMICALS IN HIS SYSTEM TO INCREASE HIS ENDURANCE?

HE HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY CHECKED BY OUR SCIENTISTS... FLUOROSCOPED AND X-RAYED! THERE'S NO POSSIBLE ADVANTAGE HE CAN HAVE OVER YOU! ON THE CONTRARY, YOU SEEM TO HAVE THE ADVANTAGE OVER HIM!

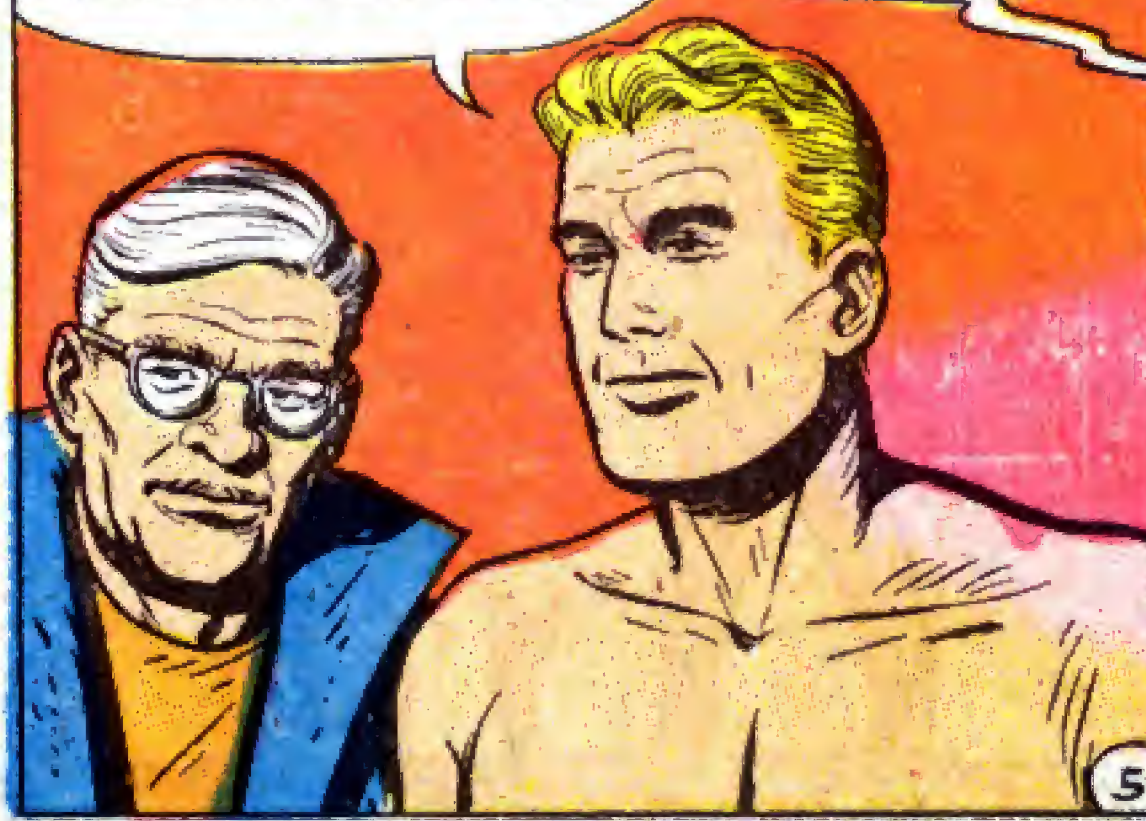


HE'S SLIGHT, FRAIL, WEAK-LOOKING! YET, THERE'S AN ODD GLINT IN HIS EYES.. ALMOST A SMILE OF VICTORY! I'M WORRIED ABOUT SOME TREACHERY THAT OUR SCIENTISTS MAY NOT HAVE DETECTED!

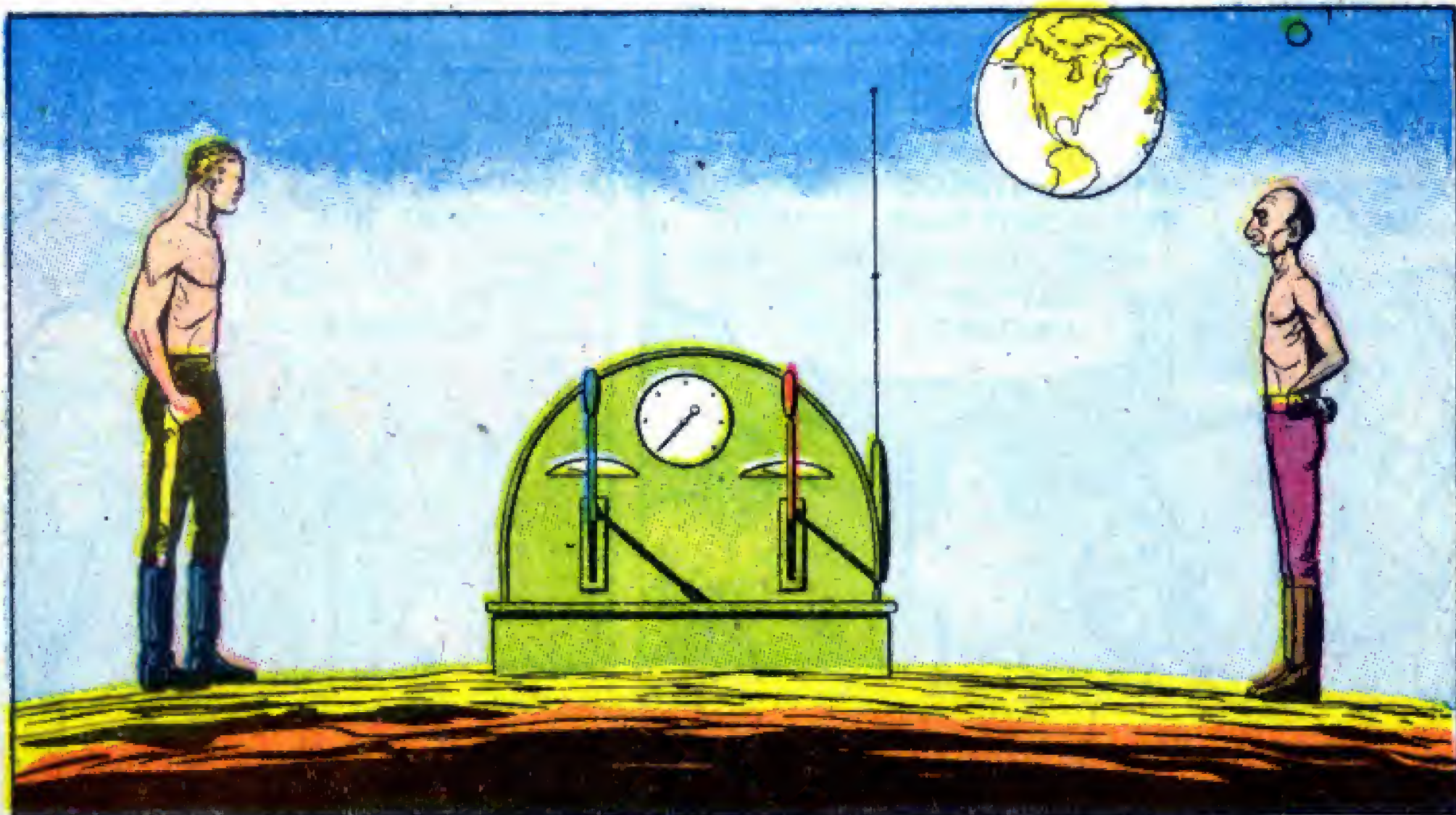


HMM... IT IS STRANGE THAT THEY SHOULD CHOOSE SUCH A PUNY SPECIMEN. BUT DON'T WORRY, SIR! TELL THE PEOPLE OF EARTH I SHALL WIN FOR THEM!

TIME FOR DEPARTURE! RETURN TO SPACE SHIPS!



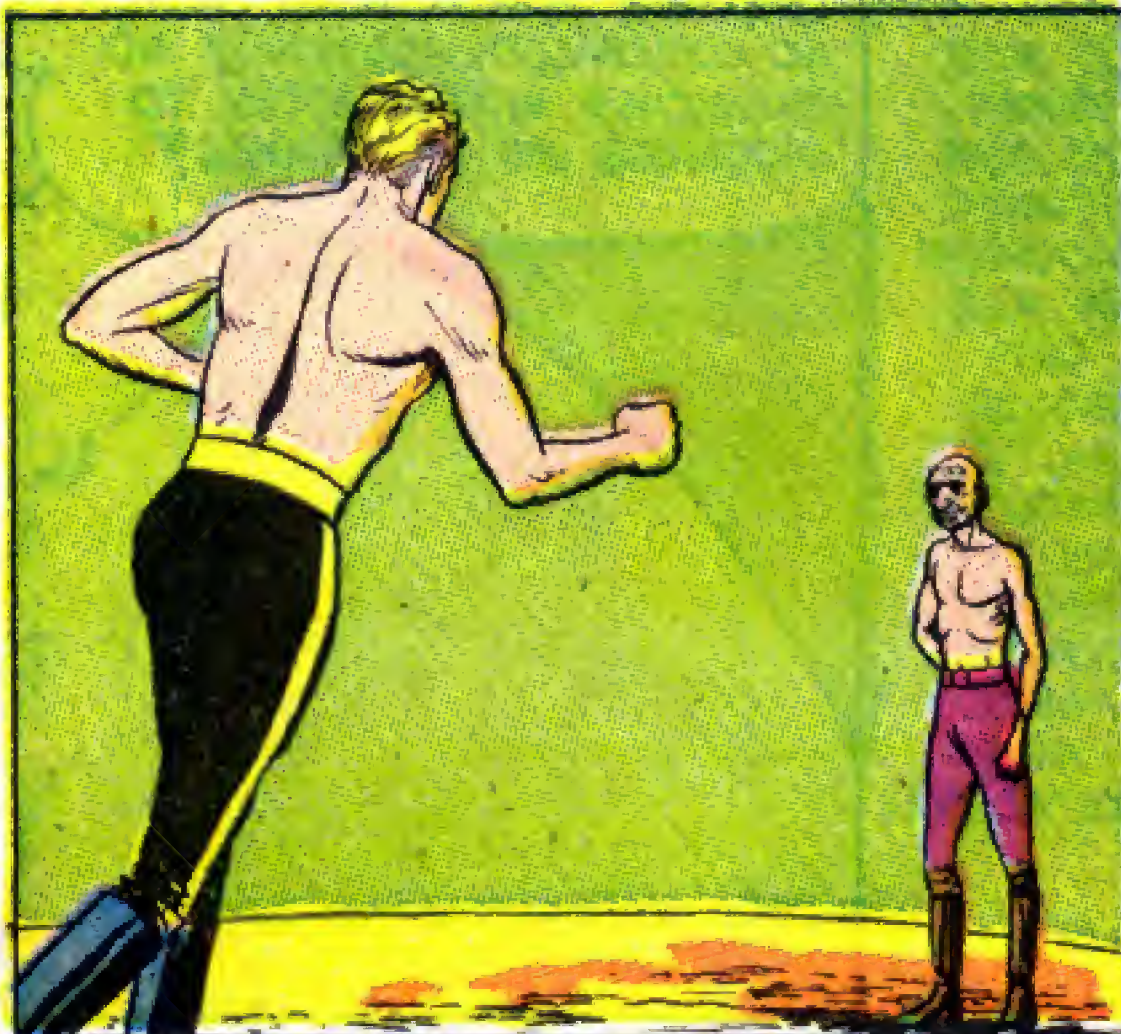
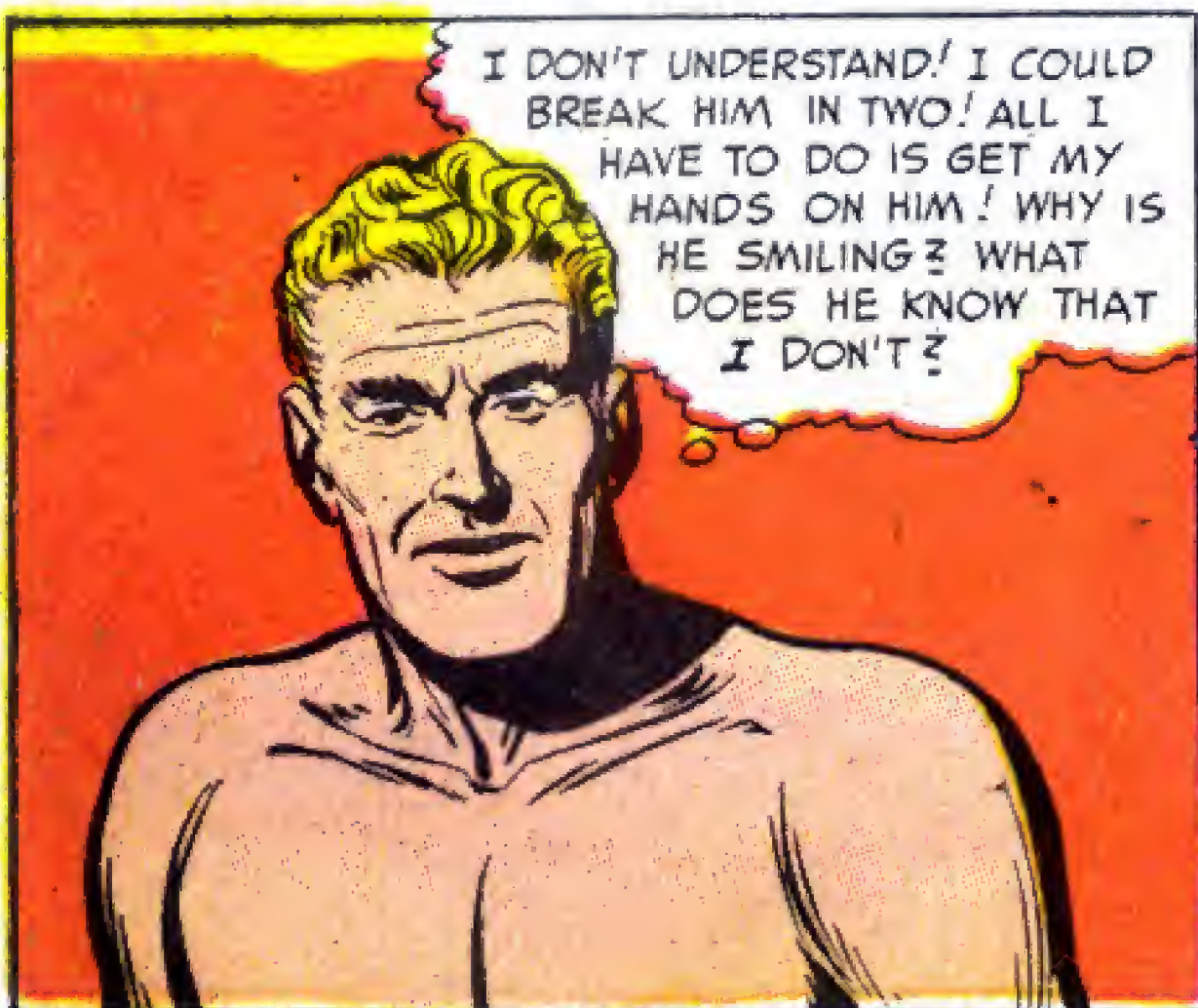
SOON
THE MARTIAN
AND I
WERE ALONE
ON THIS
ALIEN
PLANET!
BETWEEN
US THE
DEADLY
CONTROLS,
IN EACH
OF US
THE
KNOWLEDGE
THAT ONE
MUST KILL
THE OTHER...



AND THEN I NOTICED IT, THAT NEVER-CHANGING SLY
SMILE, LIKE A JUNGLE BEAST SURE OF ITS PREY!

I DECIDED TO FORCE THE ISSUE AT ONCE! I
RUSHED STRAIGHT TOWARD HIM!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I COULD
BREAK HIM IN TWO! ALL I
HAVE TO DO IS GET MY
HANDS ON HIM! WHY IS
HE SMILING? WHAT
DOES HE KNOW THAT
I DON'T?

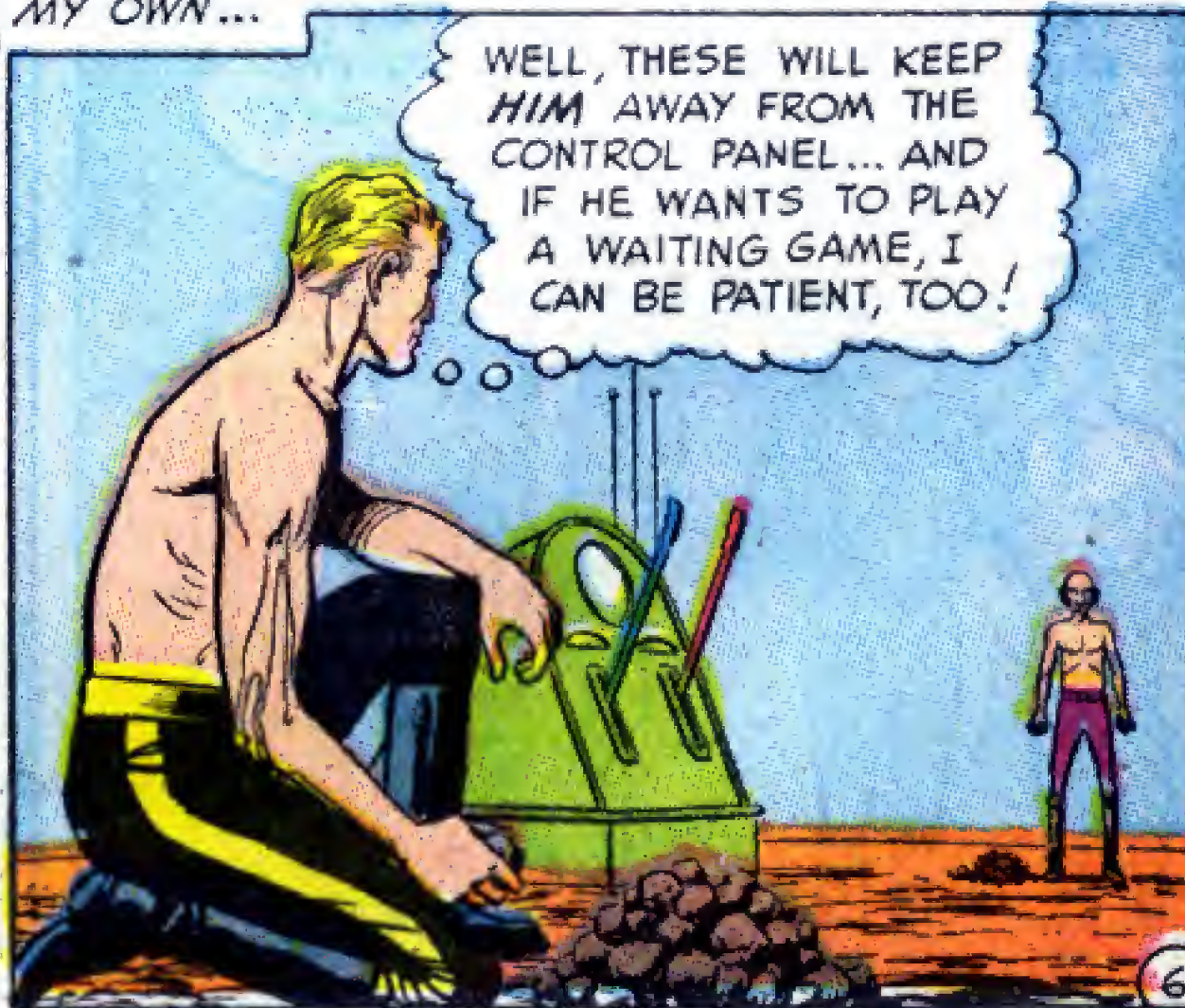


HE DIDN'T MOVE A
STEP, BUT HIS ARM
WAS A WHIPLASH AND
HIS AIM WAS TRUE!

MY ARM!
BETTER RETREAT...

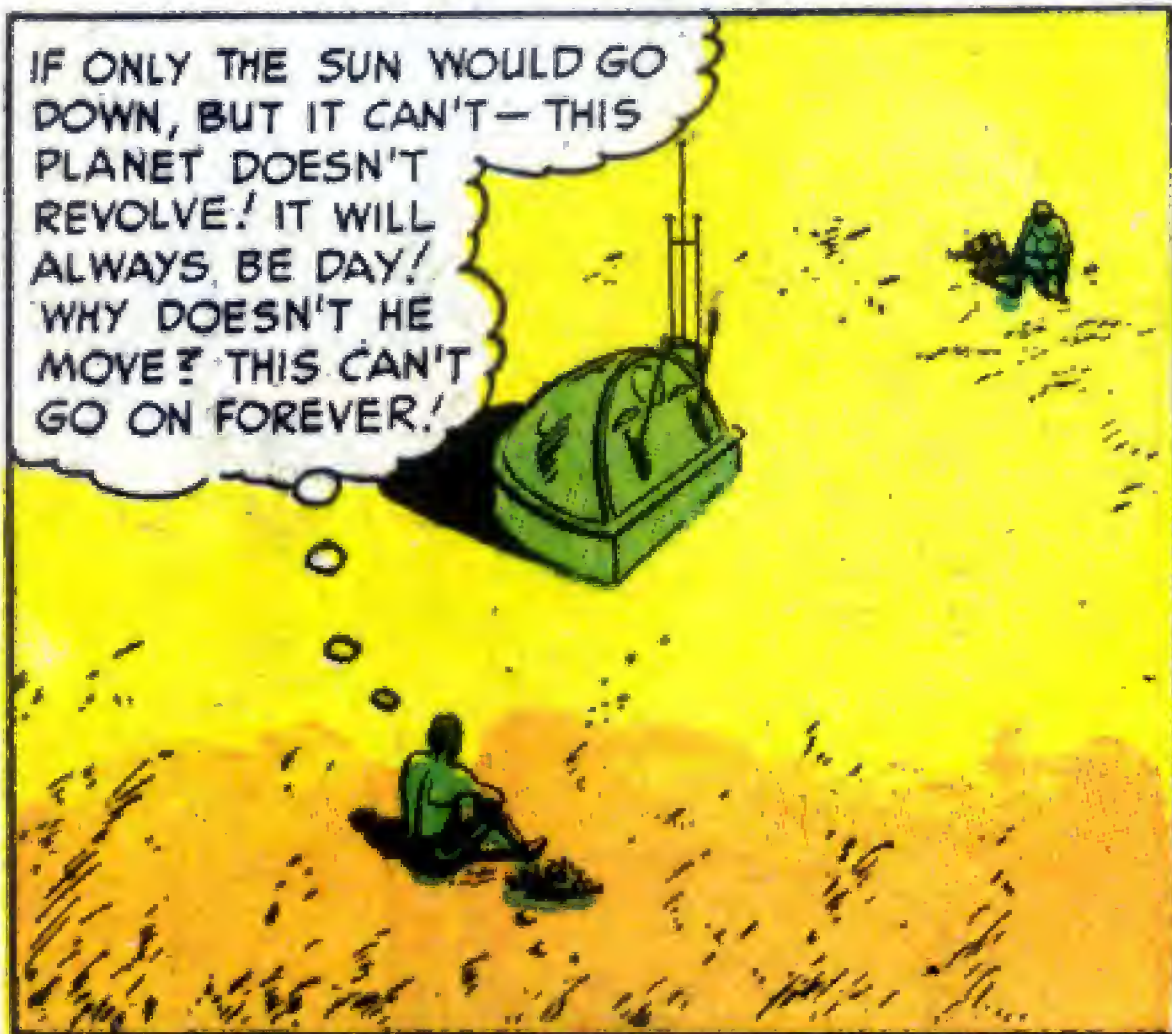
I GOT OUT OF RANGE, AND GATHERED STONES OF
MY OWN...

WELL, THESE WILL KEEP
HIM AWAY FROM THE
CONTROL PANEL... AND
IF HE WANTS TO PLAY
A WAITING GAME, I
CAN BE PATIENT, TOO!



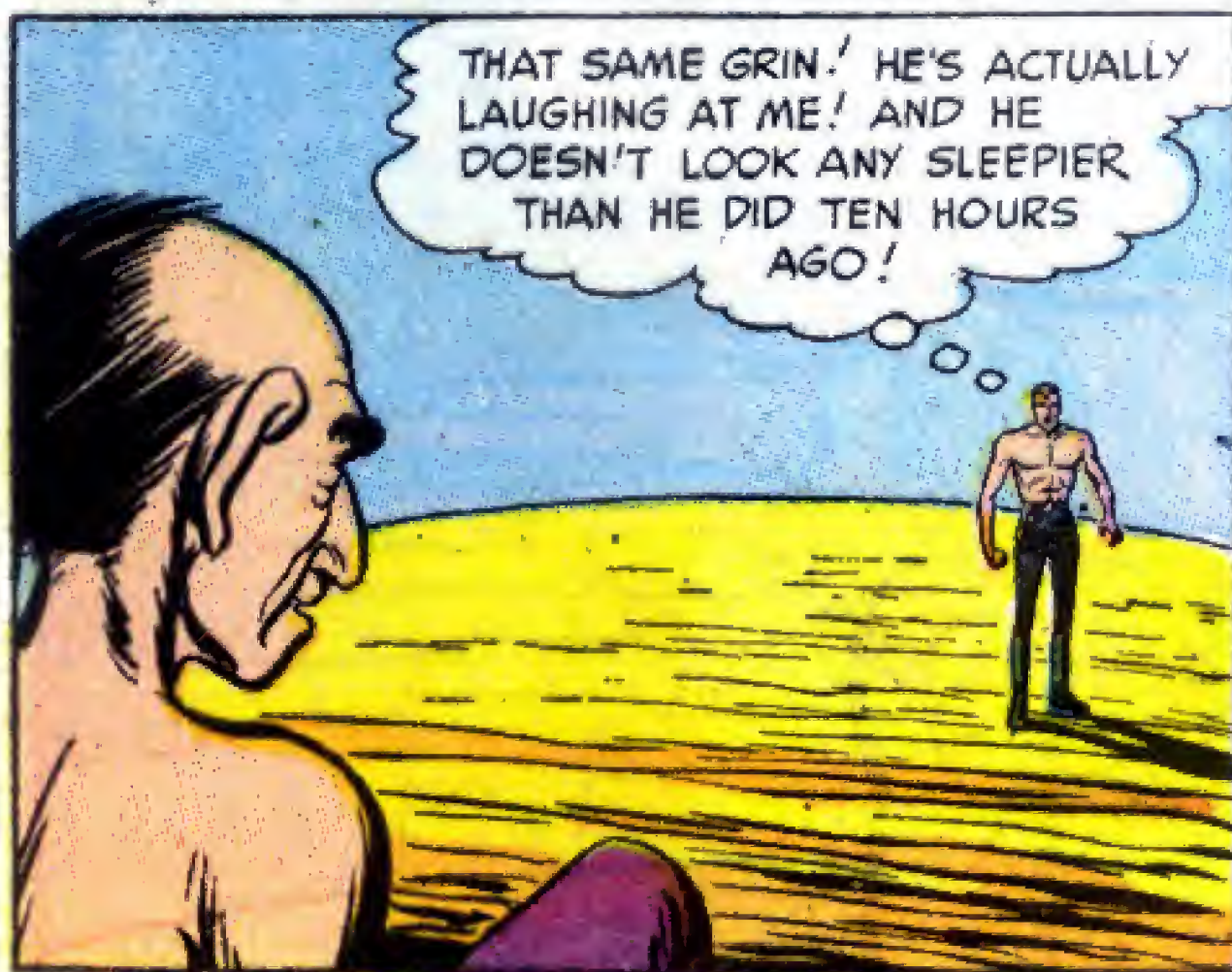
I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG WE SAT... WATCHING THE OTHER... THE SUN BLAZING DOWN UNMERCIFULLY...

TIME PASSED AND I GREW DROWSY... I YAWNED...



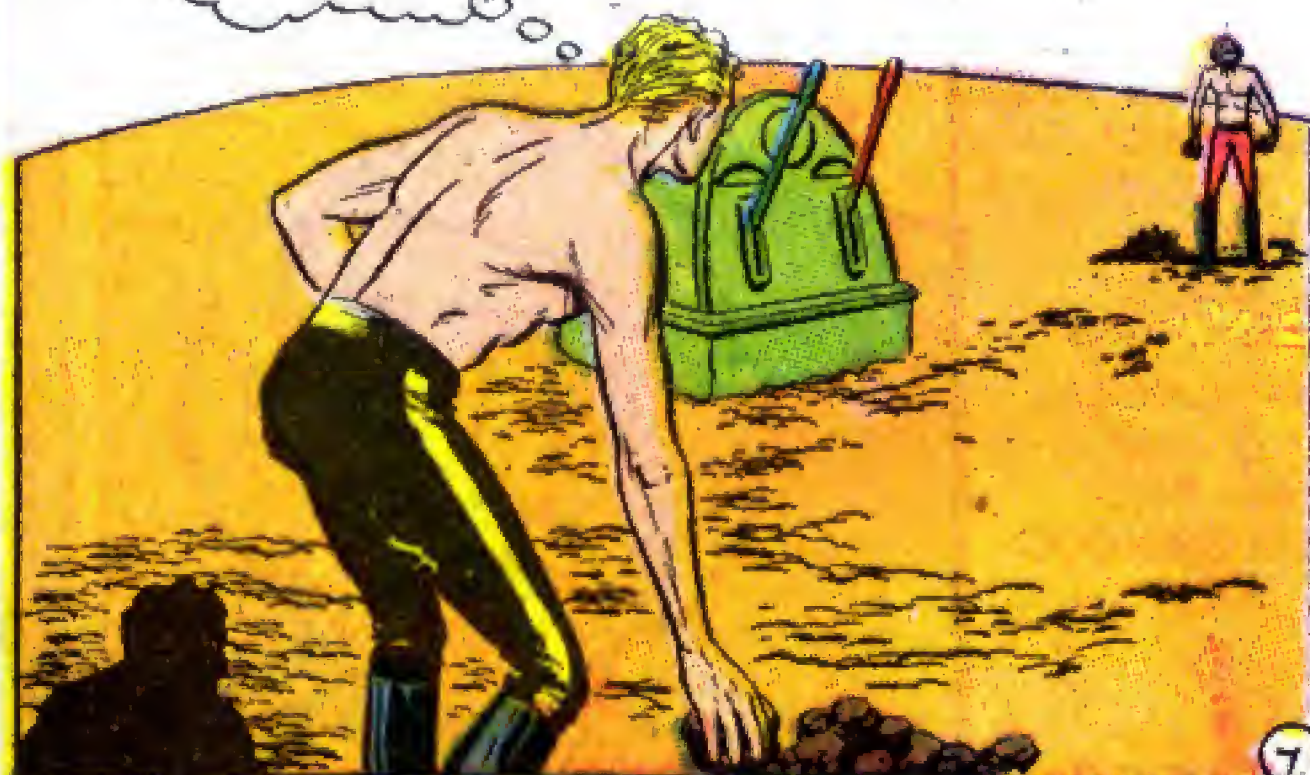
I LOOKED UP TO SEE IF THE MARTIAN WAS GETTING SLEEPY AND WHAT I SAW CHILLED ME WITH HORROR!

THEN I REALIZED WHAT I FACED, FOR I REMEMBERED THAT ARTICLE I HAD READ MANY YEARS AGO!

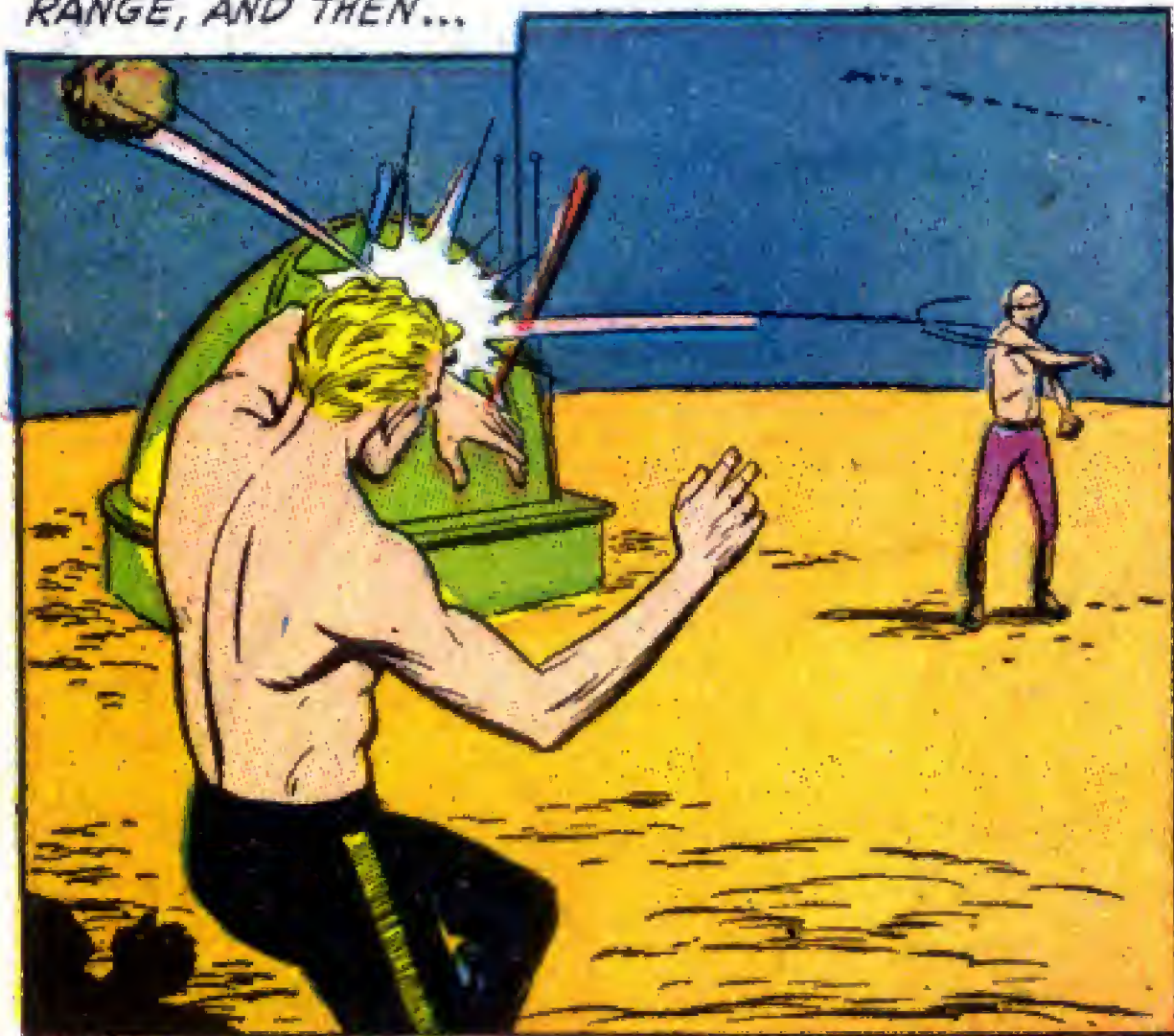


IT WASN'T A FAILURE! THEY MUST HAVE REALIZED EVEN THEN THAT EARTH AND MARS MUST CLASH AGAIN IN THE FUTURE! THEY PRETENDED THEIR EXPERIMENTS HAD FAILED SO THEY COULD USE THEIR DISCOVERY AGAINST US! **THE MARTIANS PLANNED ALL THIS LONG AGO!**

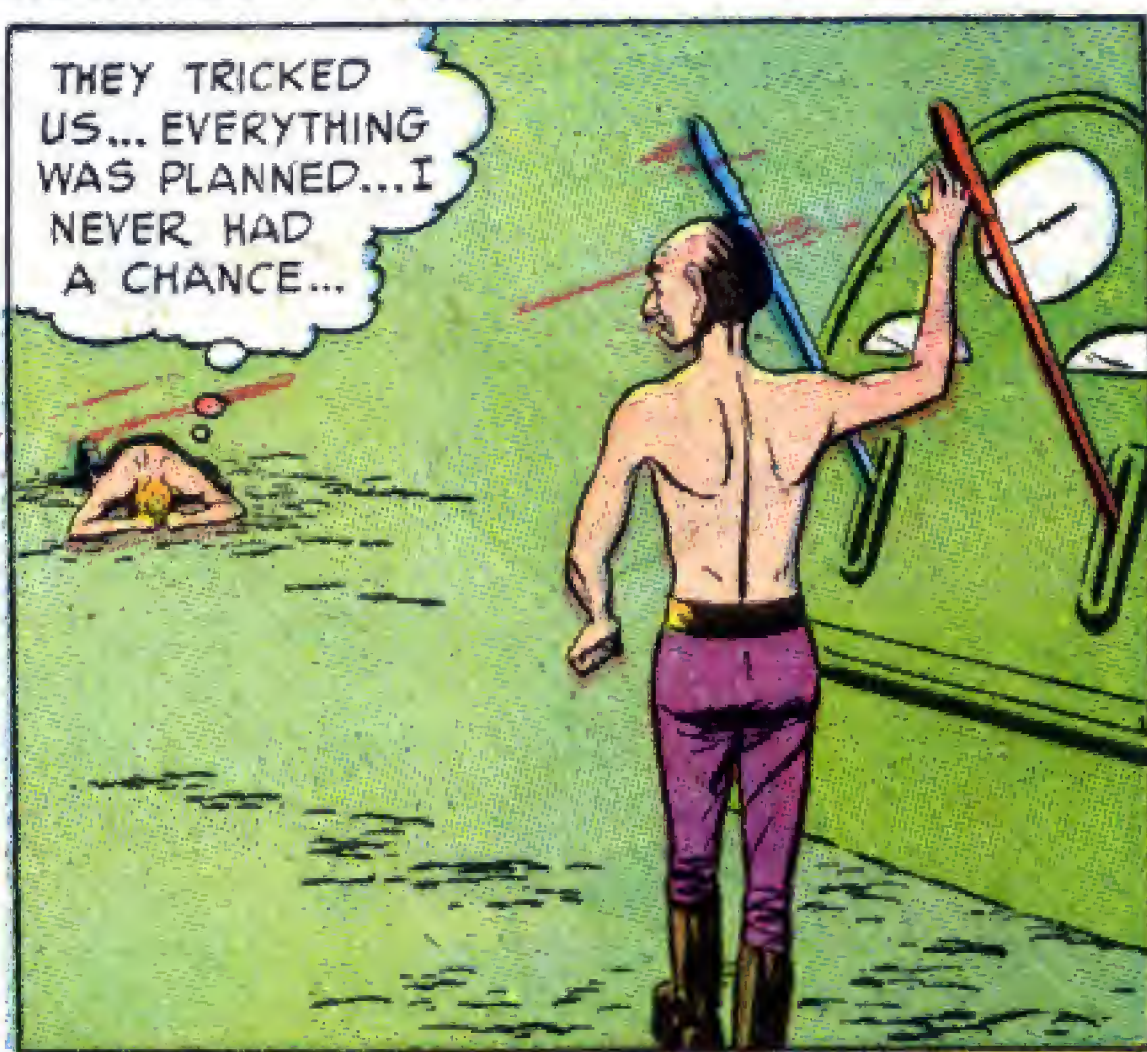
CAN'T WAIT! SOON I'LL FALL ASLEEP WHETHER I WANT TO OR NOT! I MUST STAKE EVERYTHING ON ONE DASH TO THAT PANEL!



HE DIDN'T MOVE UNTIL I WAS WELL WITHIN RANGE, AND THEN...

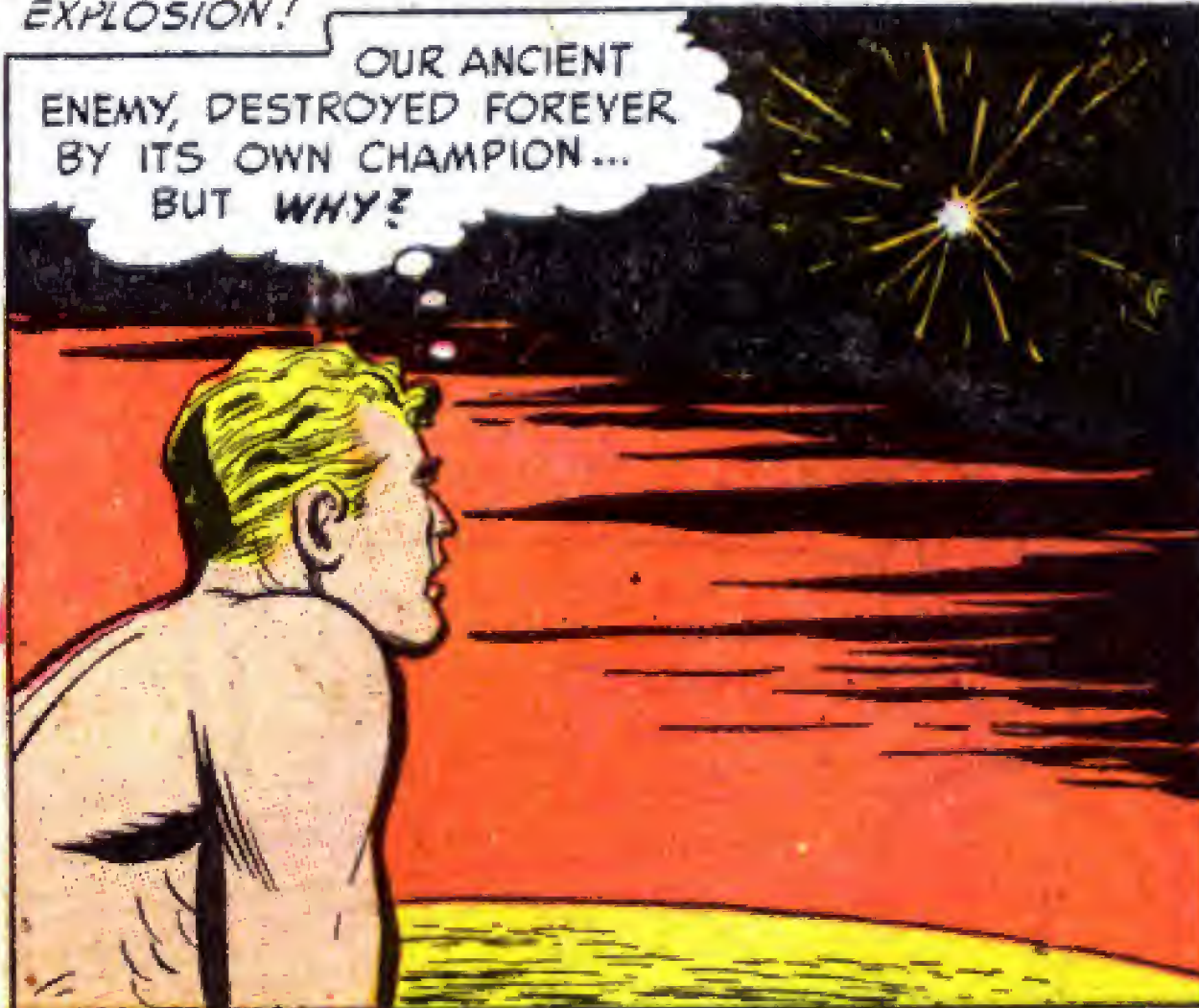
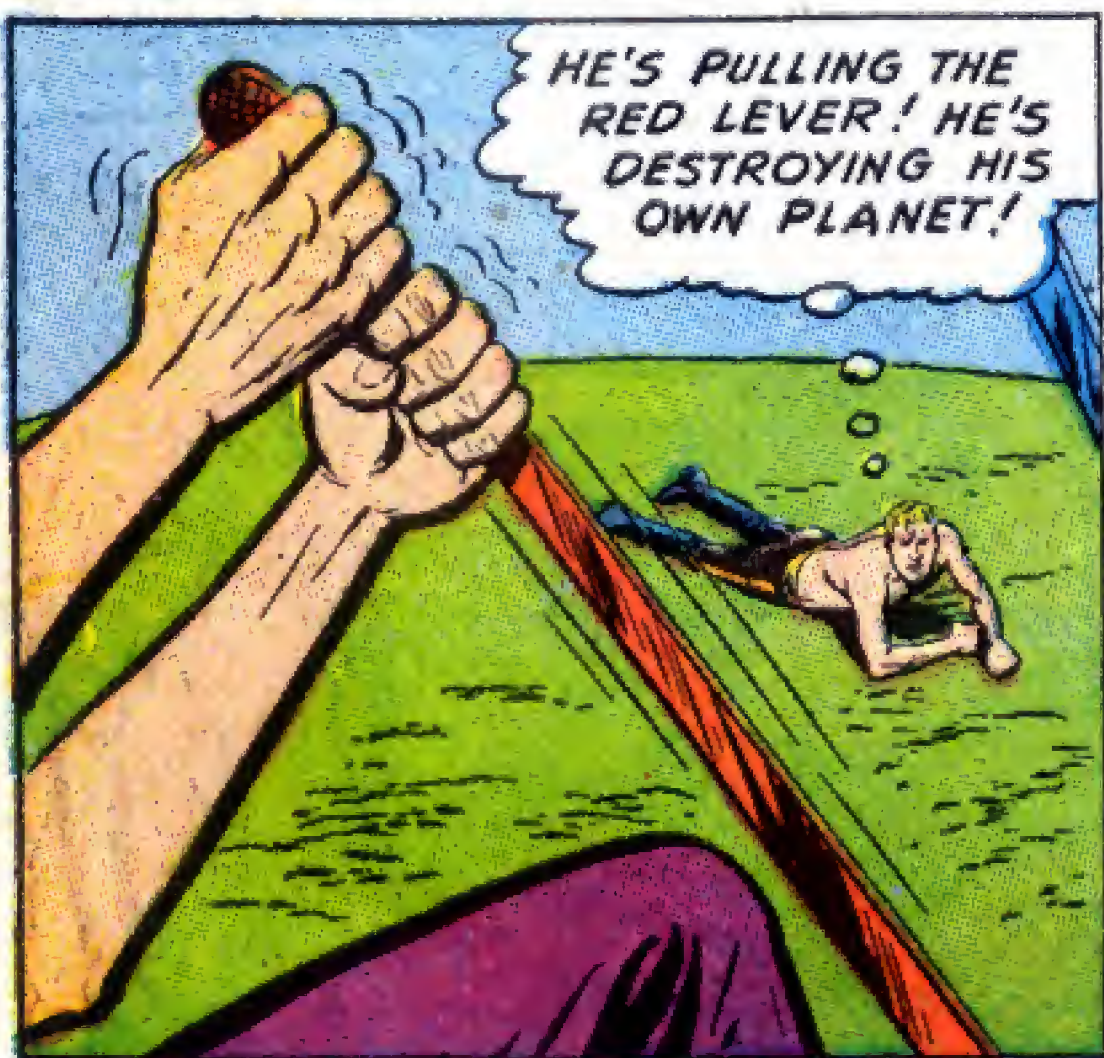


HE COULD HAVE KILLED ME THEN, BUT I GUESS HE WANTED A WITNESS TO HIS TRIUMPH!



HE WALKED SLOWLY TO THE PANEL! STEP BY STEP...

MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY I SAW THE DREAD EXPLOSION!



FOR A MOMENT, THE MARTIAN WAS MORE AMAZED THAN I... AND YET... AS WE LOOKED AT THE VOID IN SPACE THAT ONCE WAS MARS, IT WAS HE WHO UNDERSTOOD FIRST...

WE HAD EVERYTHING PLANNED DOWN TO THE LAST DETAIL! BUT I NEVER KNEW 'TIL NOW THAT I'M **COLOR BLIND!**
AIEEEE!



EARTH WAS SAFE! AND THEY WHO HAD PLANNED IT ALL WERE DEAD! I GUESS IT ALWAYS ENDS THAT WAY! THOSE WHO PLAN THE DESTRUCTION OF OTHERS ONLY END BY DESTROYING THEMSELVES!



The End

You Can WIN

This 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY
JUST AS I DID IN
10 MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!



I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY POWER-PACKED MUSCLES!

Which of these

2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below
ARMED **SISSY** WAS ME
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was
a skinny, sick weak-
ling. As you can see
in my "Before" Photo I
looked like a child...
years younger than my
age. I was ashamed to
take a picture in bath-
ing trunks as I do now.
I was shy with girls
because I had nothing
to show off. A few
weeks after starting
the Jowett Course my
body was the best in
the neighborhood. Now
I get respect and ad-
miration from every
fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch
NEW YORK

There's that
skinny scarecrow
ROGER. Let's
pass him by!



ROGER HIRSCH
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.
Look at him NOW—
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**
can be
soon!



Roger
Hirsch
before

NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more
just mail **NOW**
the **FREE**
coupon below
as I did. Soon
YOU can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**
3 inches to each **ARM**
and the rest
in proportion
just as I did.



GEORGE F. JOWETT
"Champion of
Champions"
4 times Winner
Perfect
Man Contest



Come on, PAL, NOW
YOU GIVE ME
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE
YOU a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
For Your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST**
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER**
by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck
to a **Champion of Champions**.

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MIGHTY MUSCLE** added to
YOUR ARMS. Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK AND**
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY**,
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American**
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way
known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST** by **TEST**, my
"**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER**" the only method that builds you 5-ways
fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did. **SO Mail**
coupon **NOW!**

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of **STRONG MEN**
2. **MUSCLE METER**

Dept. Z D'28

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World for
Building
All-around
HE-MEN"
R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

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Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 **HE-MAN** Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." **ENCLOSED FIND 10¢**
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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HAPPY the Cowboy

HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
MOVES HIS MOUTH,
ARMS AND LEGS!
REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make **HAPPY the COWBOY** actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of **HAPPY'S** mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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Hi! I'm GINGER!
the Doll whose HAIR YOU CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

FREE HAIR WAVE KIT

NEW!

TERRIFIC VALUE!

\$3.98 complete

PUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY

A wonderful new doll in washable-rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... waving end papers... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

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SUPER DELUXE
ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR

SHOWS REAL FILMS

A BIG SHOW
"Little Red Riding Hood"

A REAL PROJECTOR!
Bright Red Plastic!

A COLORFUL THEATRE
with Screen!

COMPLETELY SAFE!
Any Child Can Operate

EXTRA FILM
3 FILMS ONLY \$1.00

SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL HIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINKIN WILLIE

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Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C. O. D. plus postage.

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